

BLUE BOLT
Sub-Zero MAN

Super-HORSE
Phantom SUB

Sergeant SPOOK
The TWISTER

August 

Featuring:

BLUE BOLT

10¢

DICK COLE
vs
SIMBA
ROUND 3!

BLUE
BOLT



Vol. 2 No. 3

The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the Golden Age and Silver Age of comics. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Startling Comics", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Hilarious Raucous", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", "Barnyard Comics", "Stranger Worlds", "Captain Future", "Snake Eyes", "Miss Masque", and "The Fighting Yank". Many covers feature iconic characters like Jerry the mouse, Looney Tunes characters, and superheroes. In the center, a large, dark purple speech bubble with a white outline contains the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" in a bold, white, sans-serif font. The overall aesthetic is colorful and nostalgic, representing a vast collection of classic comic book art.

DICK COLE

WONDER

BOY!

VACATION TIME! SUMMER IS HERE, AND DICK AND HIS ROOMMATE PAL EDDIE, HAVE A GREAT ADVENTURE PLANNED! PROF. BLAIR, DICK'S GUARDIAN, HAS FOUND AN OLD MAP TELLING OF AN OLD TREASURE, LOST ON A SUNKEN RIVER STEAMER IN THE MISSISSIPPI. THE BOYS ARE GOING TO BUILD A RAFT AND FLOAT DOWN THE RIVER IN SEARCH OF IT... IT'S THE LAST DAY AT FARR, AND ALL ARE GAY AS THEY LEAVE FOR HOME...

By
Bob Davis.



YIPPEE-!

GANGWAY!

ME FOR THE MOUNTAINS-
AND COON SHOOTING!

YEE-OW-!
NO MORE TRIG!

I'M GONNA SWIM
ALL SUMMER LONG!

I'D LIKE TO GO
WITH DICK AND EDDIE!
LUCKY DEVILS!

HEY, YOU PUNKS! HOW
'BOUT TAKING US ON
THAT RAFT?

YEAH!

I'LL BE THE
COOK!

I'LL HELP
YOU CARRY
THE GOLD
HOME!

NOTHING DOING -
YOU MUGS! DICK AND
I ARE MAKING TRACKS
FOR THE MISSISSIPPI -
ALONE! THEN WE
BUILD THE RAFT, AND
WE'RE OFF!

BUT AT THIS MOMENT, TWO EVIL CRONIES
ARE PLOTTING TO HORN IN ON THIS ADVENTURE -
JACK RAYTON, AND THE SECOND WONDER-BOY,
SIMBA KARNO!

WHAT DO YOU SAY, PAL - I'VE GOT A
CABIN CRUISER - WANT TO TAG ALONG
BEHIND THOSE GUYS AND SEE IF THEY
FIND ANY
GOLD?

SKINNY,
YOU GOT
SOMETHING
THERE!

A FEW DAYS LATER, ARMED WITH MONEY, EQUIPMENT, AND A LETTER FROM PROF. BLAIR TO AN OLD RIVER MAN, THE BOYS ARRIVE AT THE BANKS OF THE GREAT MISSISSIPPI. THE OLD FELLOW, CAP DAY, IS GOING TO HELP THEM BUILD THEIR RAFT.

WELL, THERE SHE BE, BOYS! THE MISSISSIPPI! YOUR PA USED TO LIVE AROUND THESE PARTS, DICK.

GEE-IT'S GREAT! LET'S GET TO WORK ON THAT RAFT!

BOY-LET'S!



THEY PITCH IN! AND FOR A WEEK, THE AIR RINGS WITH ACTIVITY AND SONG. THE RAFT BEGINS TO TAKE SHAPE....

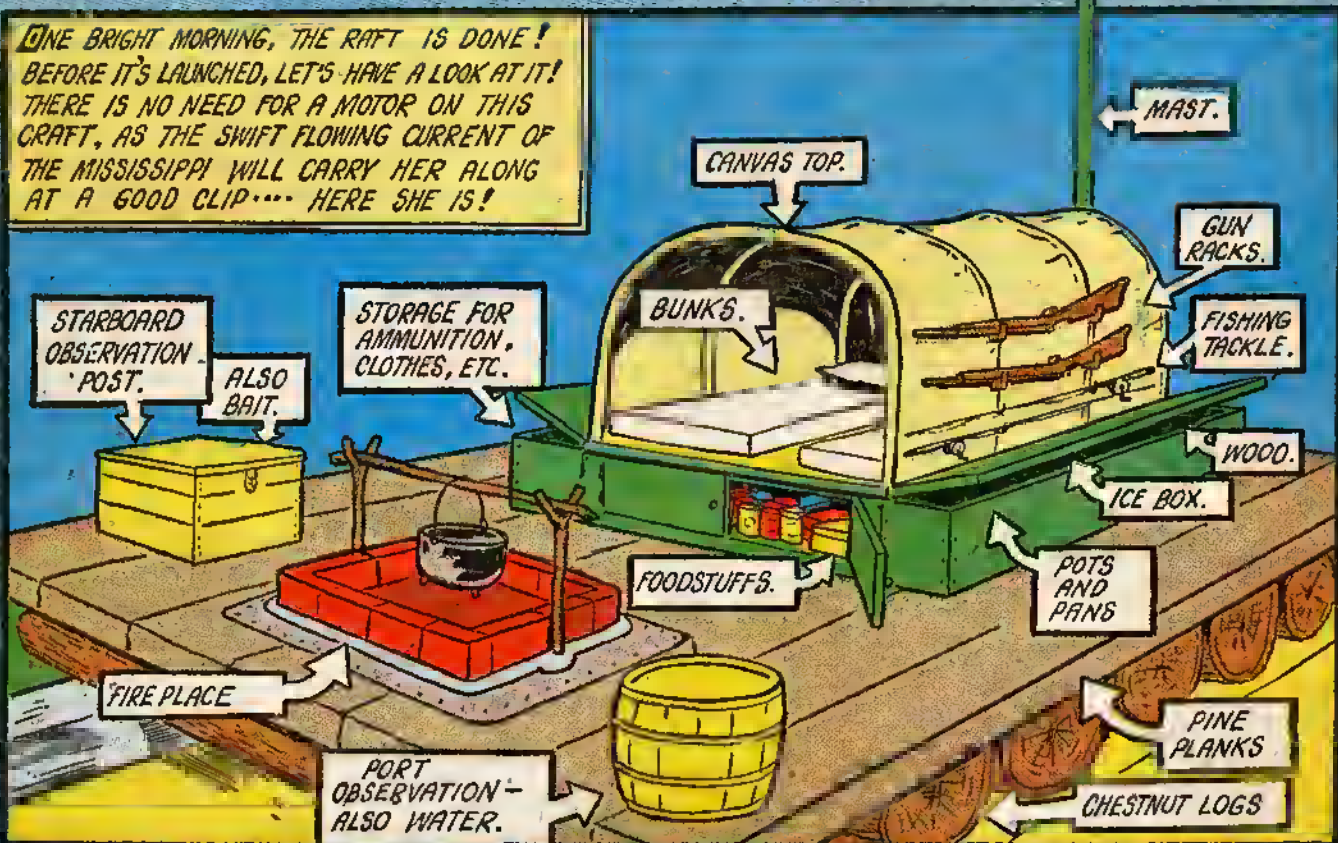
SAILING--
SAILING--
OVER THE
BRINY & DEEP!

C'MON, CARUSO--
SHAKE A LEG WITH
THAT PLANK!

AND YOU
WATCH THEM
NAIL HEADS,
DICK! SINK
'EM FLUSH!



ONE BRIGHT MORNING, THE RAFT IS DONE! BEFORE IT'S LAUNCHED, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT IT! THERE IS NO NEED FOR A MOTOR ON THIS CRAFT, AS THE SWIFT FLOWING CURRENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI WILL CARRY HER ALONG AT A GOOD CLIP.... HERE SHE IS!



NOW, FOR THE LAUNCHING!

WELL-I GUESS WE'RE ALL SET, CAP! YOU'VE BEEN GREAT! MANY THANKS- AND SO LONG!

I SECOND THAT! WILL YOU CUT THE ROPE, CAP?

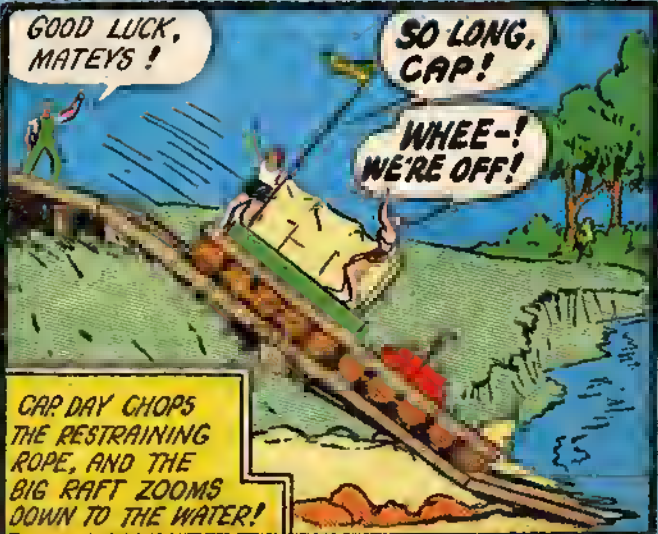
I WILL, LADS! GOODBYE, AND BE CAREFUL OF THEM 'GATORS WHEN YOU GIT DOWN THE RIVER IN WARM WATER.



GOOD LUCK, MATEYS!

SO LONG, CAP!

WHEE--!
WE'RE OFF!



CAP DAY CHOPS THE RESTRAINING ROPE, AND THE BIG RAFT ZOOMS DOWN TO THE WATER!

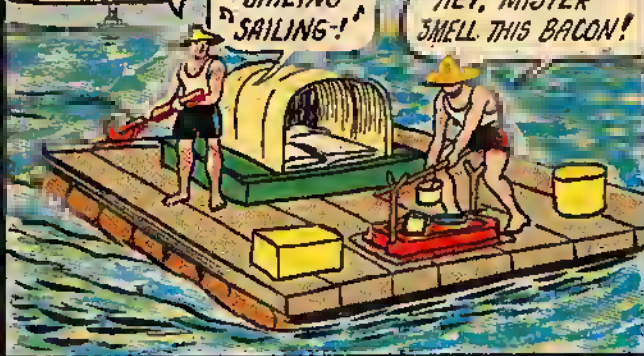
AND SO THE GREAT JOURNEY BEGINS! DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI... A RIVER LINKED WITH MANY FAMOUS NAMES - DE SOTO - LA SALLE - JOLIET - MARQUETTE - MARK TWAIN... A RIVER SOME 4000 MILES LONG!

WE'RE ON OUR WAY, PAL! NOW TO LOCATE THE SUNKEN "NATCHEZ BELLE!"

SAILING-SAILING!

RIGHTO, KID! HOPE YOU'VE STILL GOT THAT MAP!

HEY, MISTER-SMELL THIS BACON!



SUDDENLY, THE BOYS' SERENITY IS SHATTERED...

HEY-DICK!
LOOK AT THIS BOAT!
IT'S HEADING RIGHT FOR US!

AHOY-THERE!

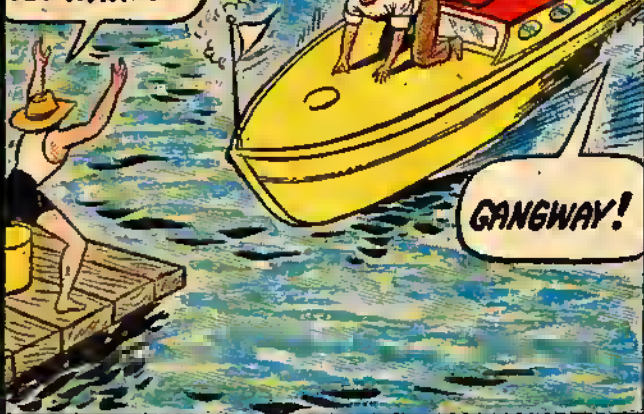


RAYTON AND SIMBA!! RECKLESSLY, THE CABIN CRUISER RUSHES UP -

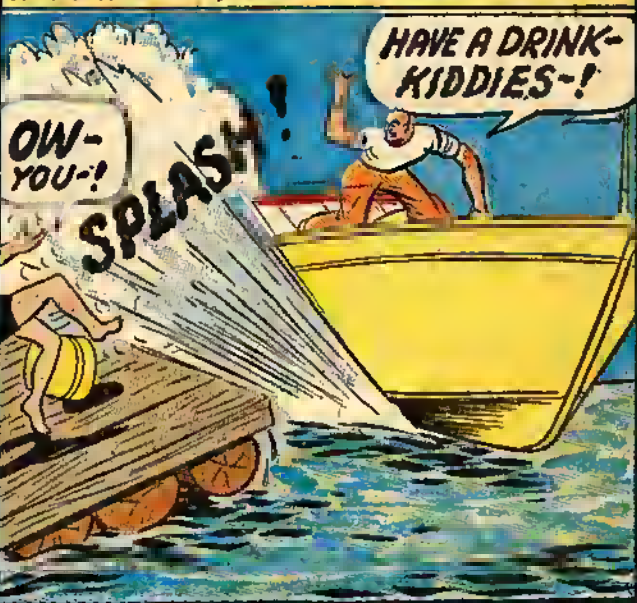
NYAA-AA-A-!
THINK YOU OWN THIS RIVER?

HEY! WHERE'D YOU BUGS COME FROM-? GET AWAY!

GANGWAY!



IT TURNS SHARPLY, SOAKING THE RAFT



HAVE A DRINK-KIDDIES-!

OW-YOU-!

SPLASH!

WELL, THOSE DARN PUNKS! WHAT ARE THEY DOING OUT HERE?

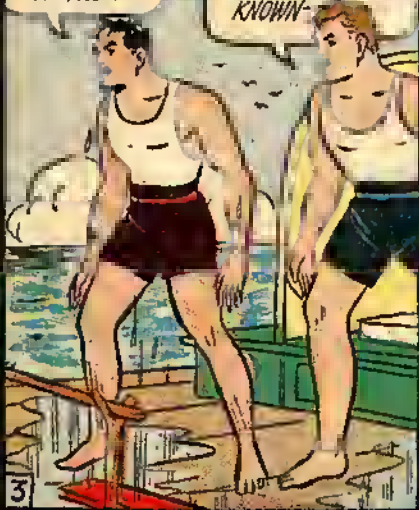
CHISELING IN-OR I MISS MY GUESS! WE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN-

THE CRUISER CIRCLES ONCE, TURNS BACK AGAIN...

HEY! THEY'RE COMING BACK!

LOOK OUT! I'M GOING TO CAN THIS STUFF -

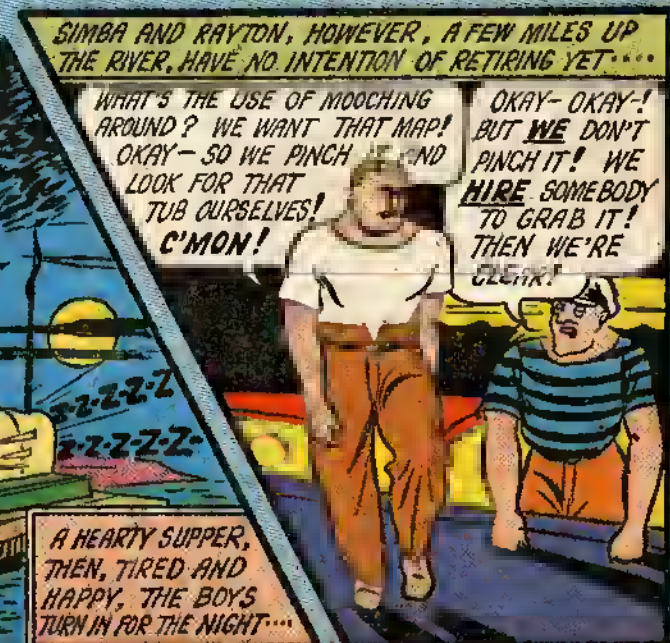
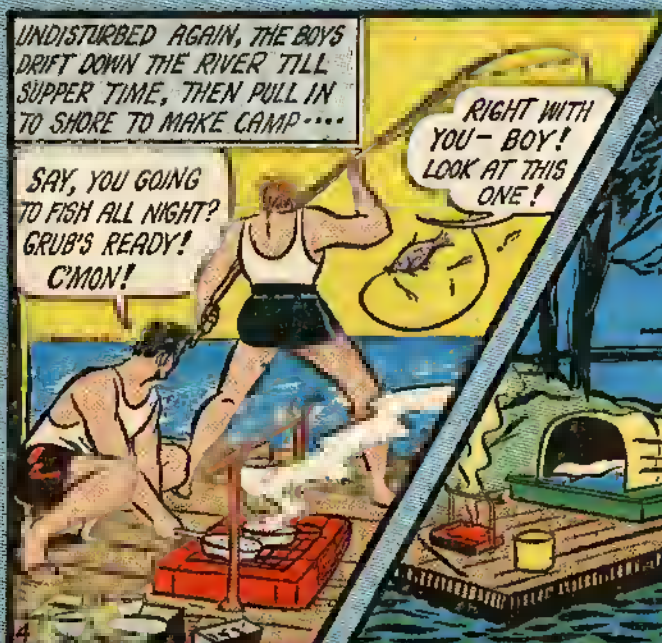
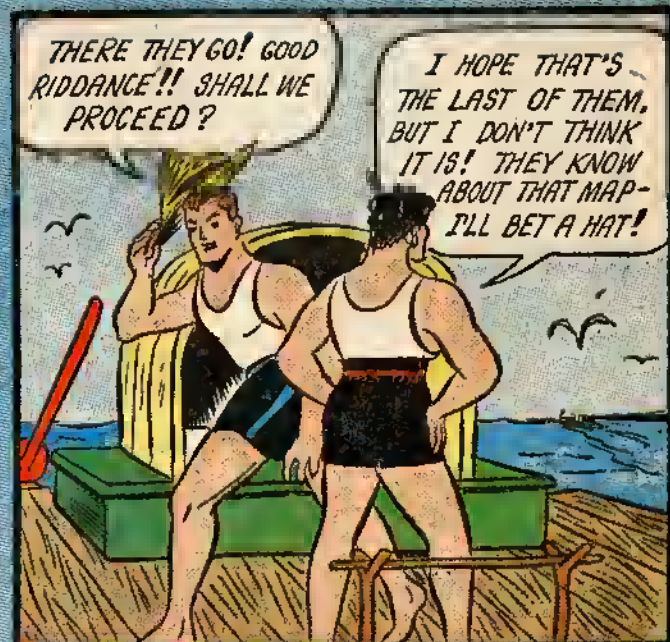
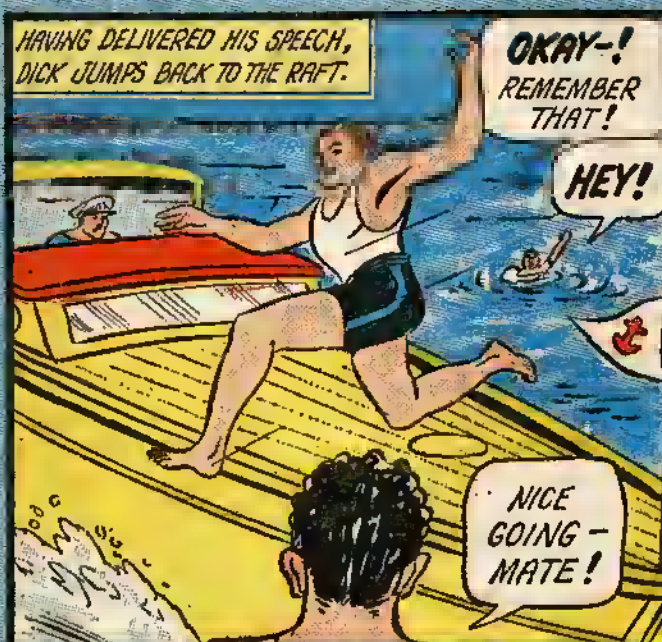
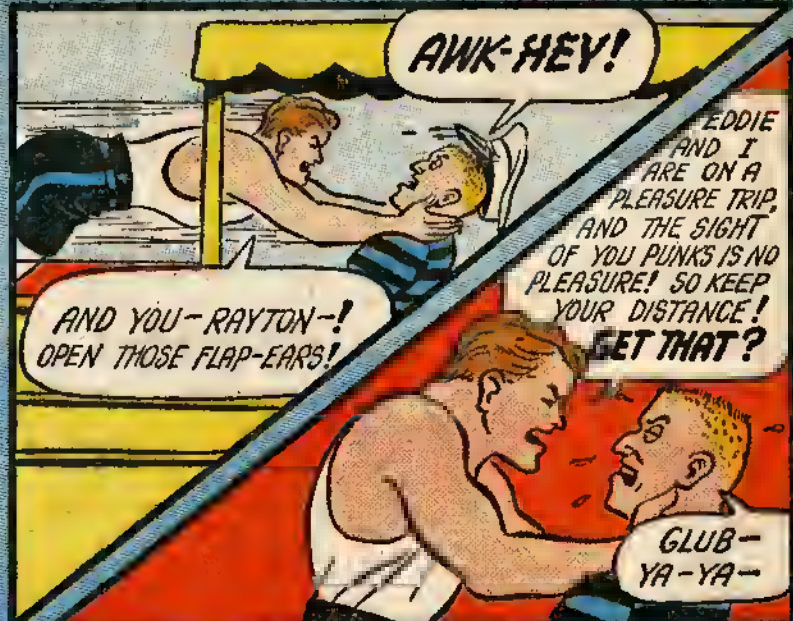
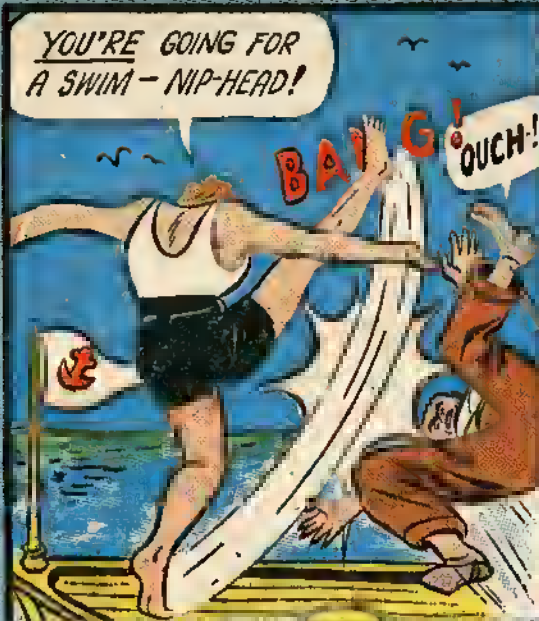
TOOT! TOOT!



AS THE CRUISER RUSHES IN, DICK LEAPS ABOARD -

HEY-WHERE YOU GOING-HERO-BOY?





A HEARTY SUPPER, THEN, TIRED AND HAPPY, THE BOYS TURN IN FOR THE NIGHT...

AN HOUR LATER- IN A SMALL NEARBY TOWN-

-AND ALL YOU DO IS SEARCH THEIR CLOTHES AND STUFF FOR THIS MAP! GET IT? HERE'S THE DOUGH!

YASSAH-SHO, BOSS!

C'MON, THEN!



SHORTLY AFTER THAT THEY ARRIVE AT THE RAFT'S MOORING PLACE....

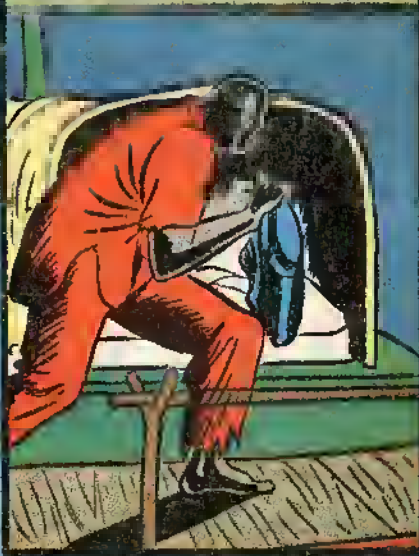
THERE IT IS!

NOW, DO YOUR STUFF!

YASSAH-



WITH CAT-LIKE STEALTHINESS, THE HUGE MARAUDER CREEPS ABOARD....



BUT THE EXTRA MOTION OF THE RAFT AWAKENS DICK....

HEY!



AS HE SCRAMBLES OUT OF THE SHELTER-



RECOVERING QUICKLY, DICK LUNGES -

YOU THIEVING -

UG!



PUNKO!

SOCK!



THOROUGHLY COWED, THE MAN RUNS WILDLY AWAY....

LAWSY-MAN!



THE EXCITEMENT AWAKENS EDDIE....

WHAT'S HAPPENED?

A FRIEND OF OUR PALS - RAYTON AND SIMBA - JUST CALLED AROUND TO LOOK FOR OUR MAP!

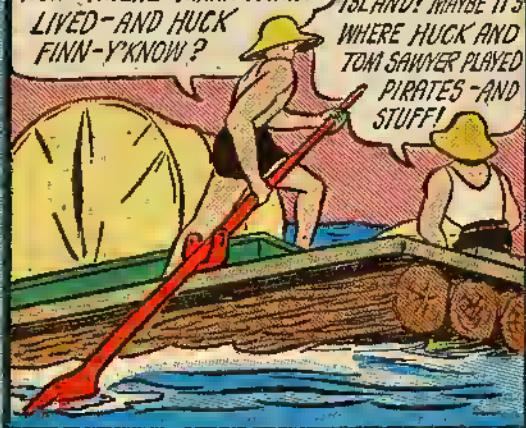
LET'S TURN IN AGAIN-



THE NEXT DAY, THE SOUTHWARD TREK CONTINUES

HEY- I THINK WE'RE PASSING HANNIBAL, MISSOURI, NOW- WHERE MARK TWAIN LIVED- AND HUCK FINN- Y'KNOW?

OH, YES-! LOOK AT THAT ISLAND! MAYBE IT'S WHERE HUCK AND TOM SAWYER PLAYED PIRATES- AND STUFF!



THE DAY SLIPS BY, PEACEFULLY AND SLOWLY.... TOWARD EVENING, THE BOYS NEAR AN OLD WRECKED STEAMER, WHICH HAS BEEN LONG ROTTING AWAY IN A MUDBANK... THERE ARE MANY OF THESE WRECKS IN THE WIDE MISSISSIPPI...

GOSH- LOOK AT THAT OLD TUB! MUST HAVE BEEN WRECKED THERE YEARS AGO!

IT'S AN OLD LUXURY BOAT!

WHAT DO YOU SAY WE BOARD HER AND EXPLORE-!

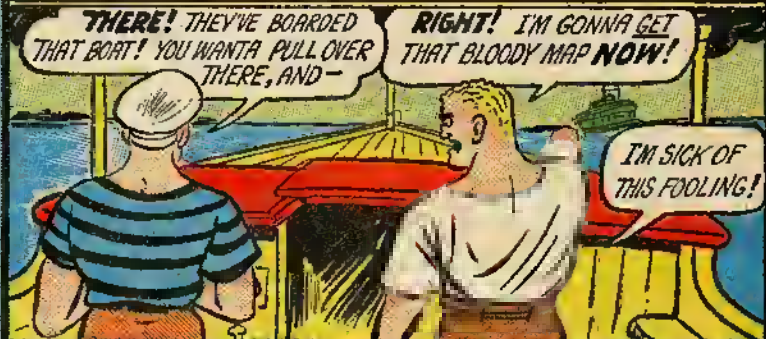


NOW, RAYTON AND SIMBA, WHO HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING AT A DISTANCE, DECIDE UPON A DRASTIC STEP

THERE! THEY'VE BOARDED THAT BOAT! YOU WANTA PULL OVER THERE, AND-

RIGHT! I'M GONNA GET THAT BLOODY MAP NOW!

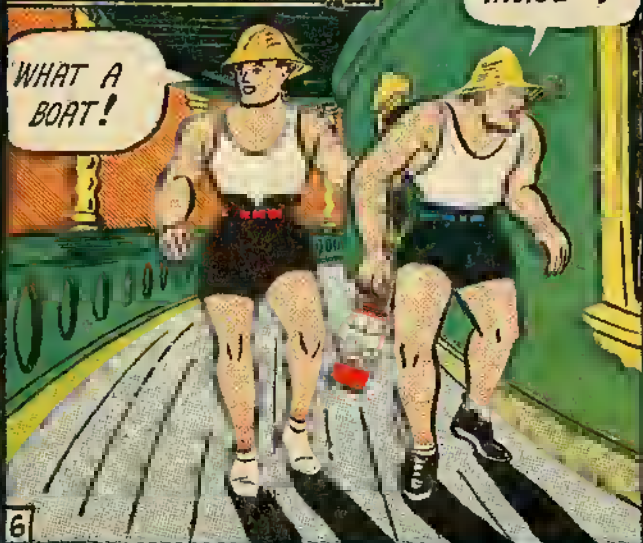
I'M SICK OF THIS FOOLING!



UNAWARE OF THEIR ENEMIES' APPROACH, DICK AND EDDIE EXPLORE

LET'S GO INSIDE-!

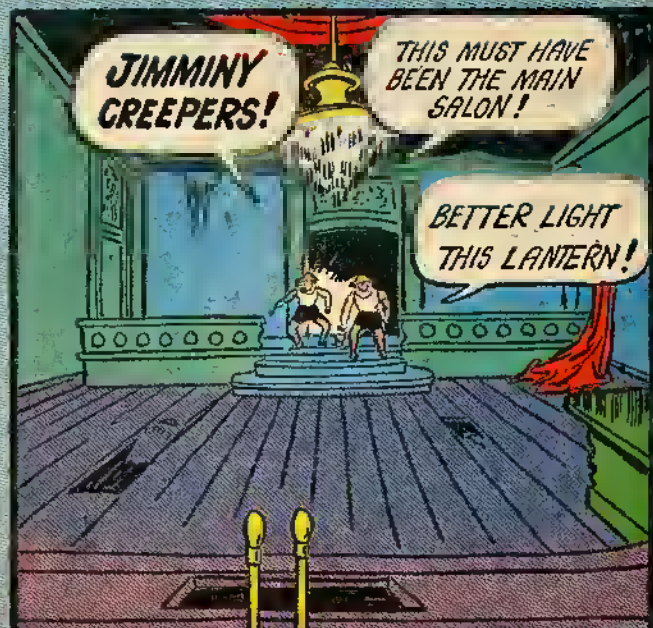
WHAT A BOAT!



JIMMINY CREEPERS!

THIS MUST HAVE BEEN THE MAIN SALON!

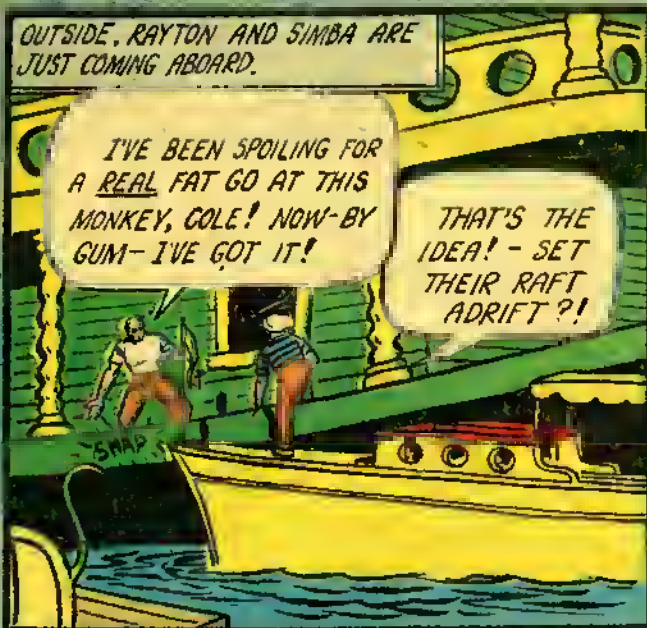
BETTER LIGHT THIS LANTERN!



OUTSIDE. RAYTON AND SIMBA ARE JUST COMING ABOARD.

I'VE BEEN SPOILING FOR A REAL FAT GO AT THIS MONKEY, COLE! NOW-BY GUM-I'VE GOT IT!

THAT'S THE IDEA! - SET THEIR RAFT ADRIFT?!



QUIETLY, THEY SNEAK UP AFTER DICK AND EDDIE....

THIS BUSINESS IS KINDA TICKLISH - YOU BE SURE AND KEEP COLE BUSY - I

DON'T WORRY! YOU TAKE THIS, EDDIE, AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF COLE - HA-A-THERE THEY ARE!



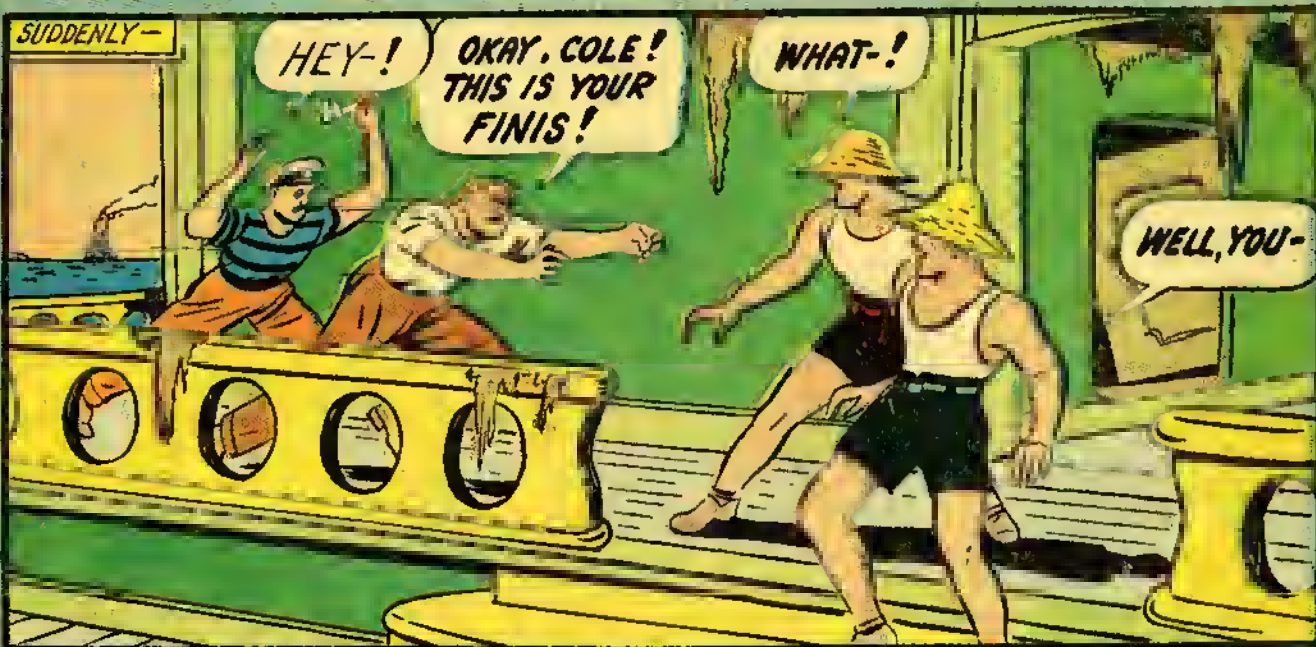
SUDDENLY -

HEY-!

OKAY, COLE! THIS IS YOUR FINIS!

WHAT-!

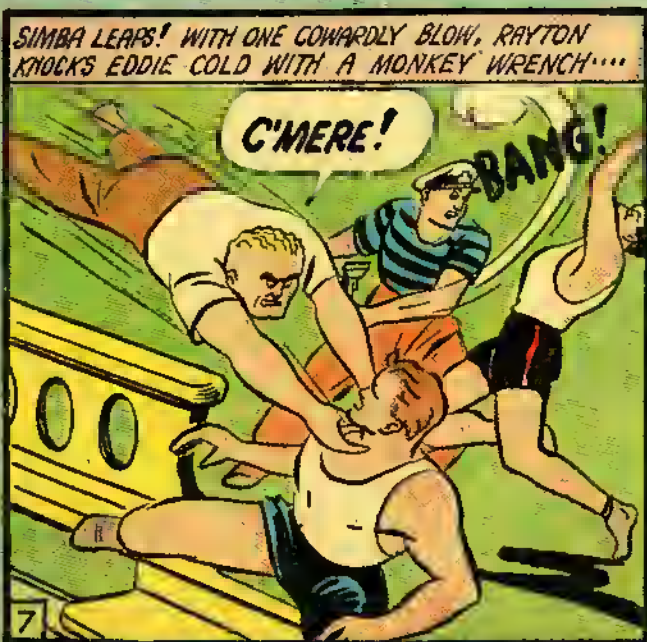
WELL, YOU-



SIMBA LEAPS! WITH ONE COWARDLY BLOW, RAYTON KNOCKS EDDIE COLD WITH A MONKEY WRENCH....

C'MERE!

BANG!



DARN RIGHT-MUG! I'M SICK OF YOU TRYING TO SWIPE THAT MAP-!

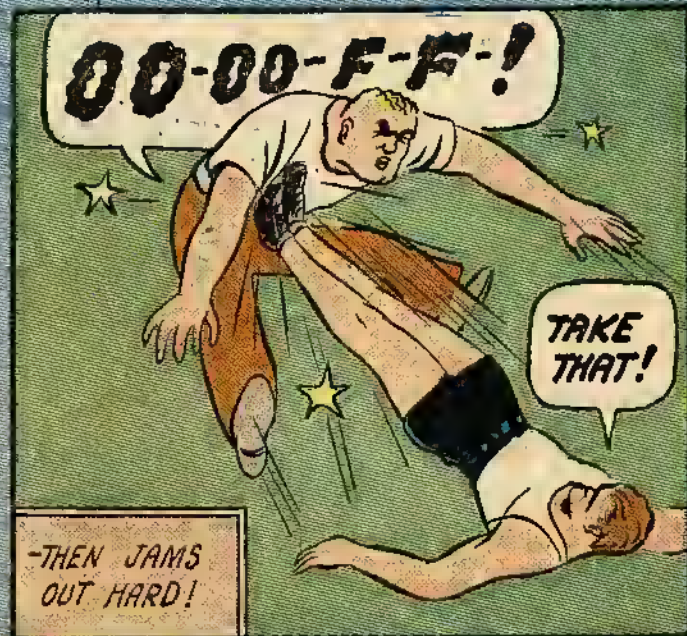
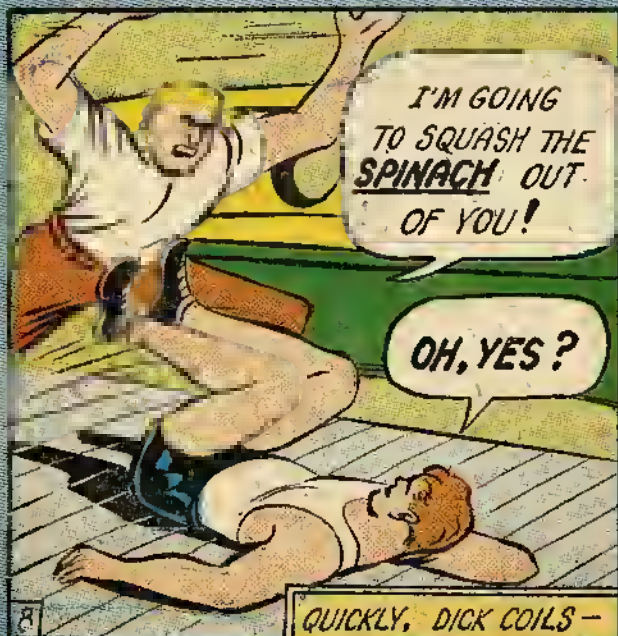
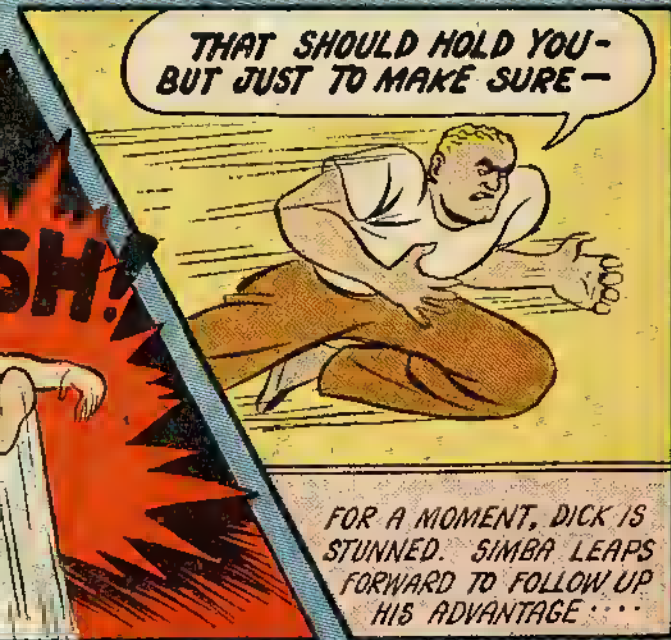
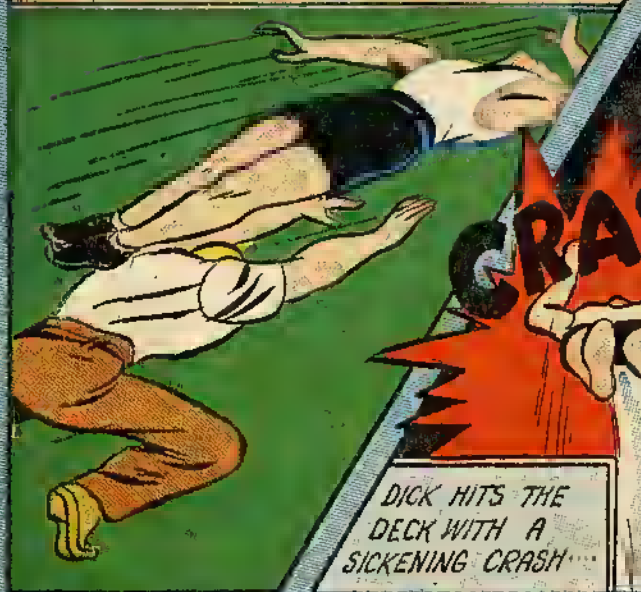
EVERY TIME I'VE MUSSSED WITH YOU, SOMEBODY'S STOPPED IT! NOBODY'LL STOP THIS!

AS SIMBA HITS, DICK HEAVES HIM UPWARD -

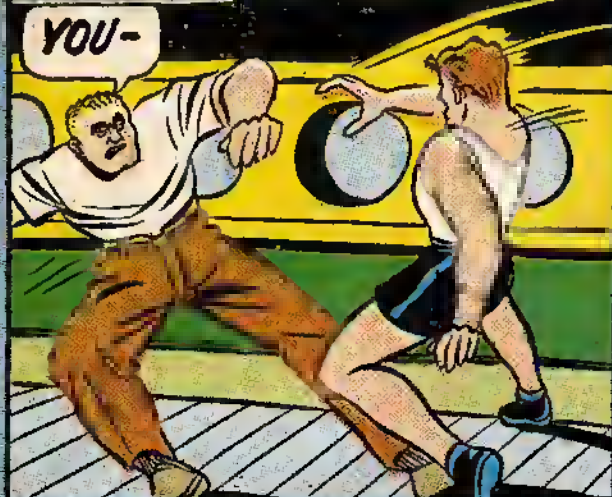




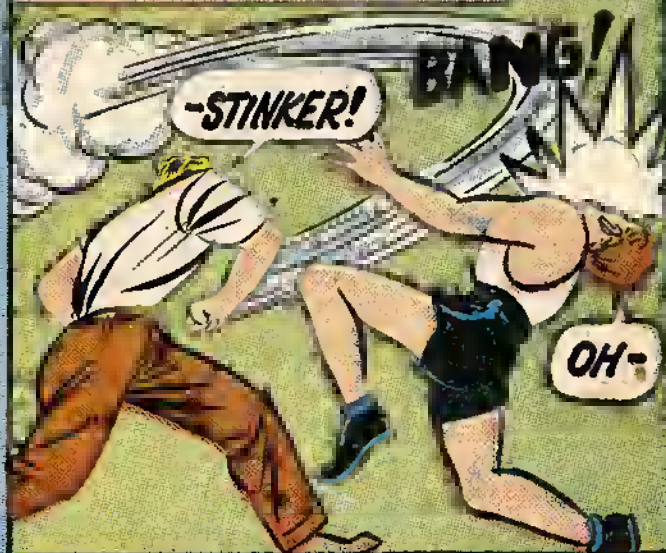
—AND FLINGS HIM STRAIGHT THROUGH THE AIR—



LIKE YOUNG ANIMALS, THE TWO WONDER BOYS
REGAIN THEIR FEET, AND SPRING TO
FRESH COMBAT...



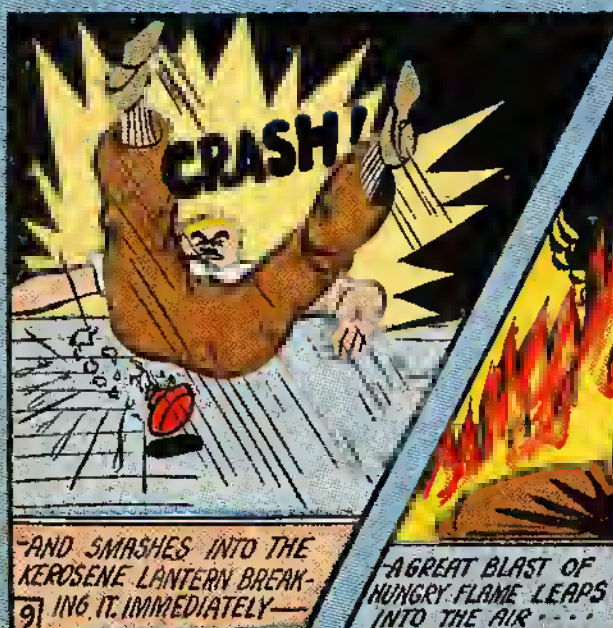
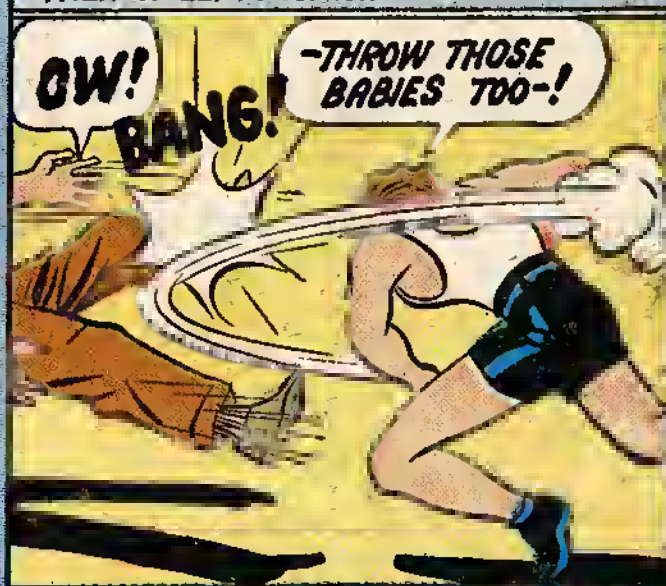
SIMBA UNCORKS A TERRIFIC RIGHT-



THEN, DICK COMES IN WITH A RIGHT...!

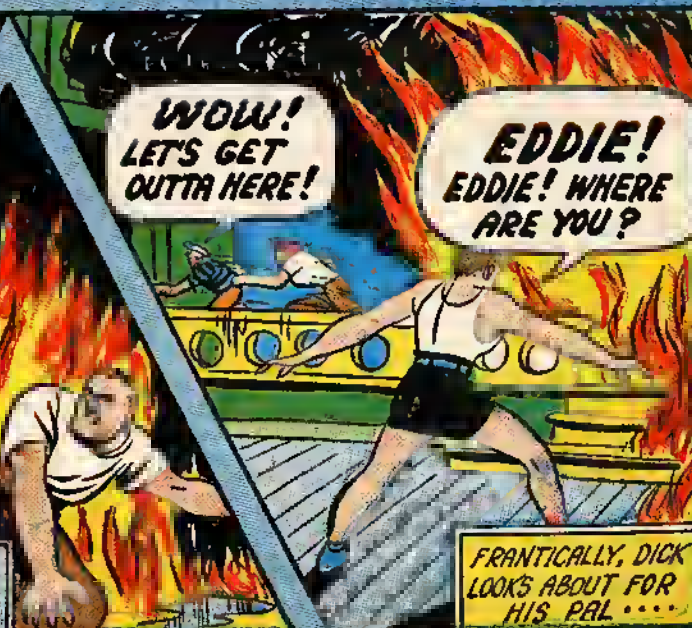


THEN A LEFT! SIMBA SOARS BACKWARD...



AND SMASHES INTO THE
KEROSENE LANTERN BREAK-
ING IT IMMEDIATELY—

A GREAT BLAST OF
HUNGRY FLAME LEAPS
INTO THE AIR...



FRANTICALLY, DICK
LOOKS ABOUT FOR
HIS PAL...

EDDIE IS JUST COMING TO....
HURRIEDLY, DICK HELPS HIM UP....

**EDDIE!
C'MON-!
HURRY!**

WHAT-?



**GIVE IT
THE GUN!**

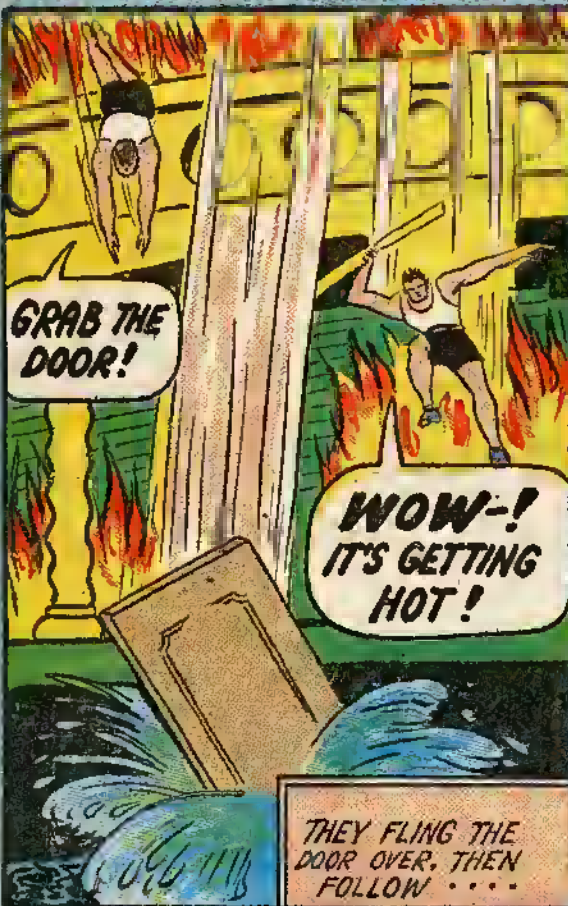
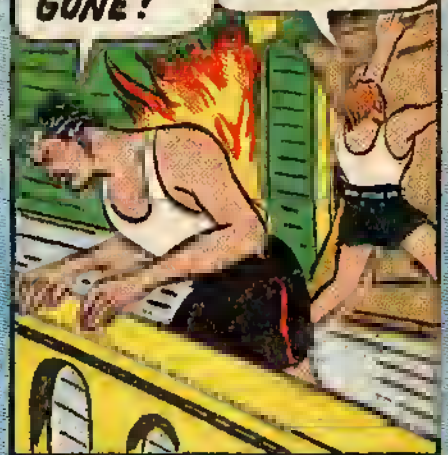


REACHING THE LOWER DECK, SIMBA
AND RAYTON SPRING FROM THE STEAMER.

DICK AND EDDIE DASH OUTSIDE-

**HEY, DICK!
THE RAFT'S
GONE!**

**HOLY COW!
I'LL GET THIS
DOOR OFF!**



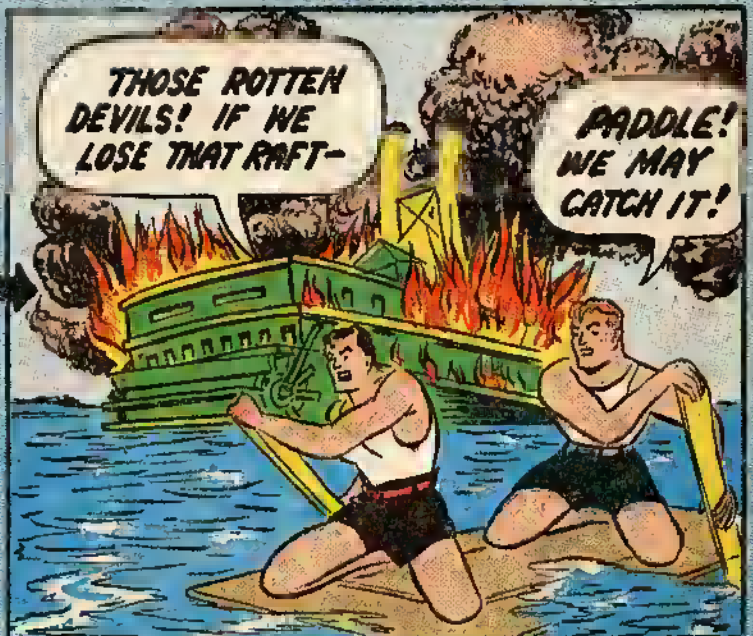
**GRAB THE
DOOR!**

**WOW-!
IT'S GETTING
HOT!**

THEY FLING THE
DOOR OVER, THEN
FOLLOW....

**THOSE ROTTEN
DEVILS! IF WE
LOSE THAT RAFT-**

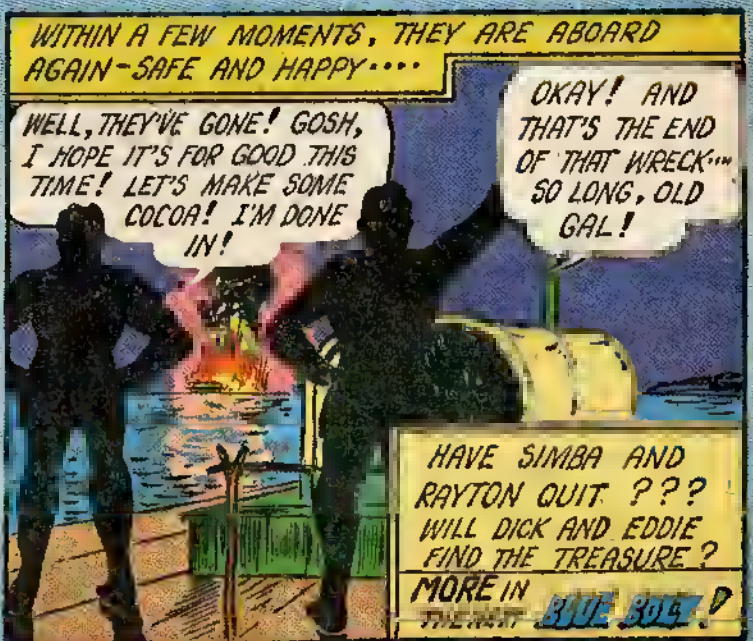
**PADDLE!
WE MAY
CATCH IT!**



WITHIN A FEW MOMENTS, THEY ARE ABOARD
AGAIN-SAFE AND HAPPY....

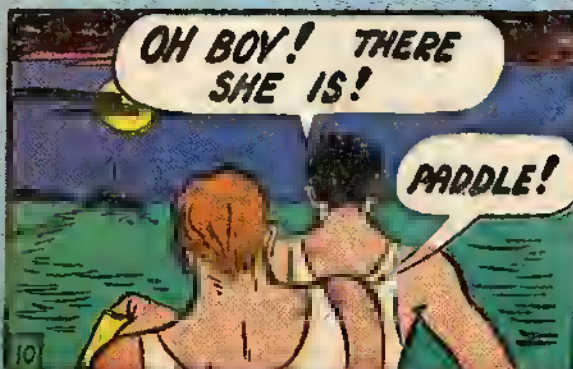
WELL, THEY'VE GONE! GOSH,
I HOPE IT'S FOR GOOD THIS
TIME! LET'S MAKE SOME
COCOA! I'M DONE
IN!

OKAY! AND
THAT'S THE END
OF THAT WRECK...
SO LONG, OLD
GAL!



**OH BOY! THERE
SHE IS!**

PADDLE!

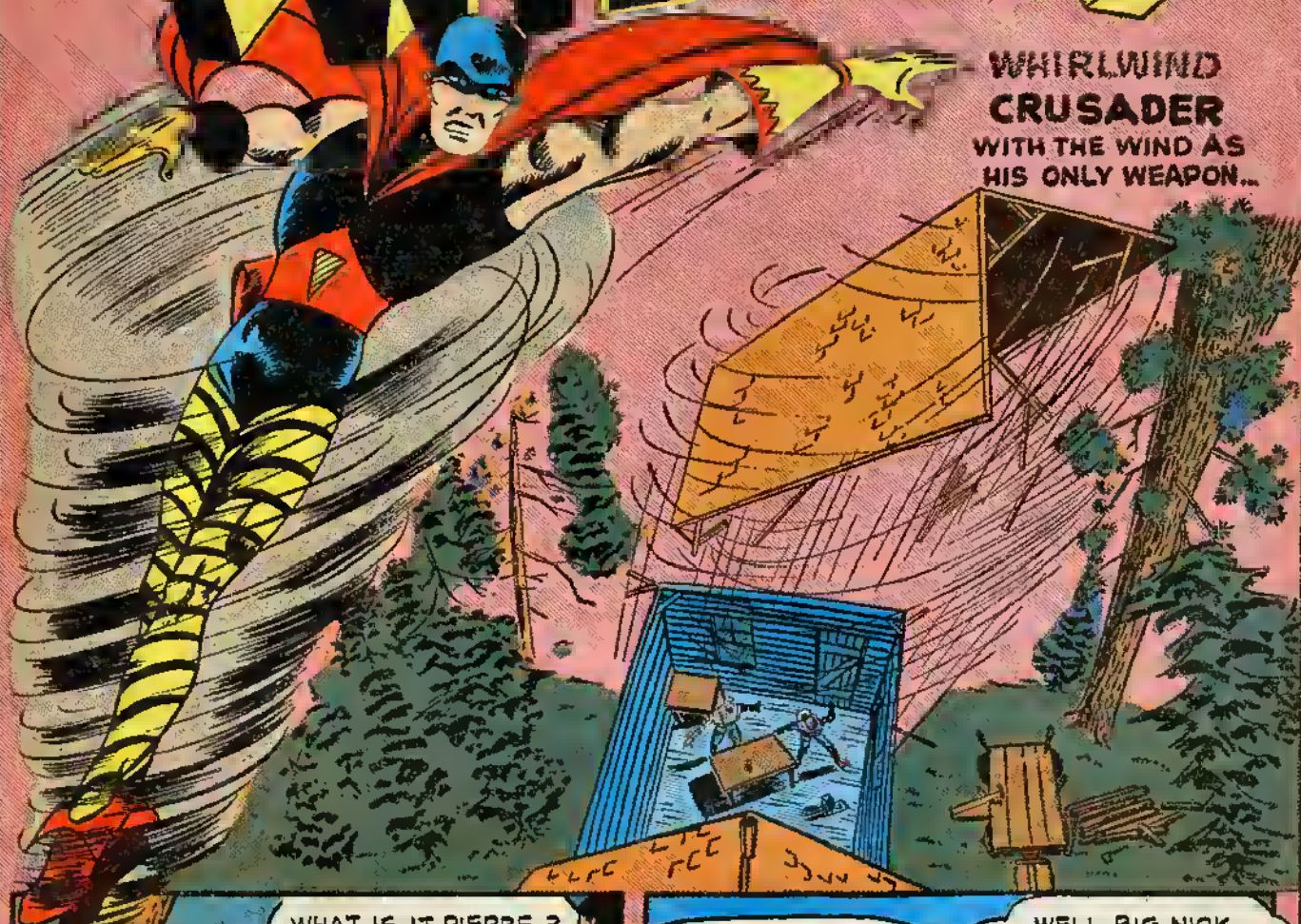


HAVE SIMBA AND
RAYTON QUIT ???
WILL DICK AND EDDIE
FIND THE TREASURE?
MORE IN
THE NEXT **BLUE BOB!**

FEATURING

The TWISTER

WHIRLWIND
CRUSADER
WITH THE WIND AS
HIS ONLY WEAPON...

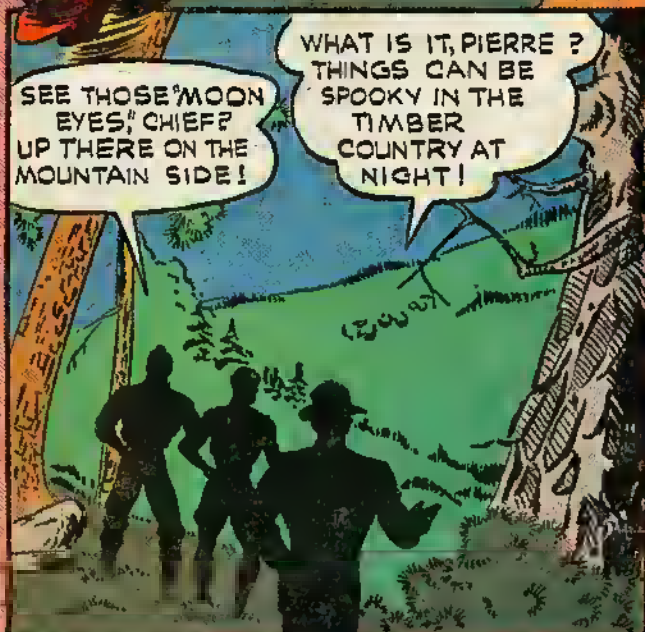


SEE THOSE 'MOON
EYES,' CHIEF?
UP THERE ON THE
MOUNTAIN SIDE!

WHAT IS IT, PIERRE?
THINGS CAN BE
SPOOKY IN THE
TIMBER
COUNTRY AT
NIGHT!

PIERRE...YOU ARE A
VERY GOOD LUMBER
FOREMAN...BUT
ABOUT THOSE
NEW MEN!

WELL, BIG NICK...
YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON,
MY NEW LUMBERJACKS
DON'T MIND WORKING
AT NIGHT!



LOOK CHIEF-
HERE THEY
COME!

And IN THE EERIE
MOON LIGHT, BIG NICK
SEES AN
AMAZING SIGHT...



PIERRE...WHO ARE THESE
HAIRY, BURLY GIANTS...
TALLER THAN YOU AND
I! CREEPING IN
THE DARK!



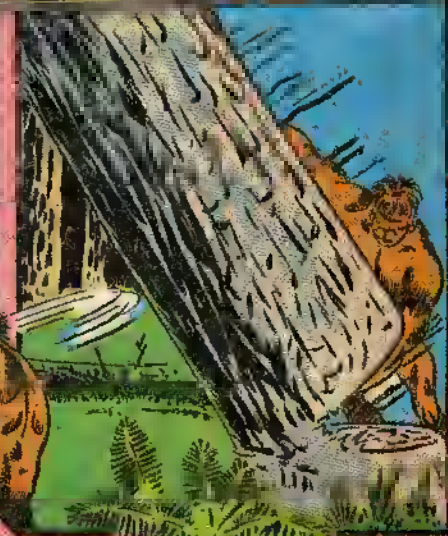
THESE ARE MY NIGHT "CREW!"
AH!...NICE STRONG FEL-
LWS, EH, NICK? I FEED
THEM A BAR OF
CHOCOLATE
AND THEN...



TO WORK
ALL OF YOU!



MOVING HEAVILY, THE GIANT CREATURES BEGIN THEIR
WORK OF CUTTING LUMBER, WHICH THEY HANDLE LIKE MATCHSTICKS!

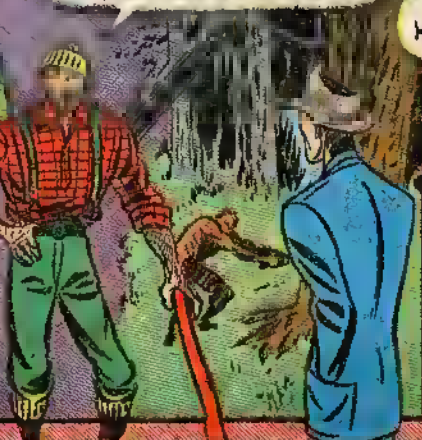


THIS IS AMAZING, PIERRE!
IT'S INCREDIBLE... WHERE DID
YOU FIND THESE
STRONG MEN?

HAH! BIG NICK... I'LL TELL
YOU MY SECRET! THEY'RE
CAVE MEN OF THE
MOUNTAINS, WHO
LIVE AROUND HERE!

THEY'RE WONDERFUL WORK-
ERS... ONLY ONE DEFECT!
THEY'RE "MOON EYED"... SEE
ONLY AT NIGHT... AND ARE
THEY STRONG!

BUT... IF
THEY RUN WILD,
HOW DO YOU STOP
THEM?

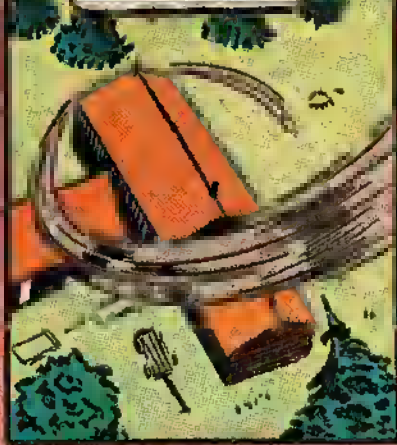




CONTROL THEM? I USE SUGAR...THEY'LL DO ANY WORK FOR A BAR OF CHOCOLATE... IT'S A DRUG FOR THEM!

SAY...WHAT'S THAT IN THE SKY?

A SWISH OF WIND CIRCLES THE LOG HOUSE WHICH PIERRE AND NICK ARE ABOUT TO ENTER. THEY ARE UNAWARE THAT THE TWISTER HAS THUS ANNOUNCED HIS ARRIVAL!

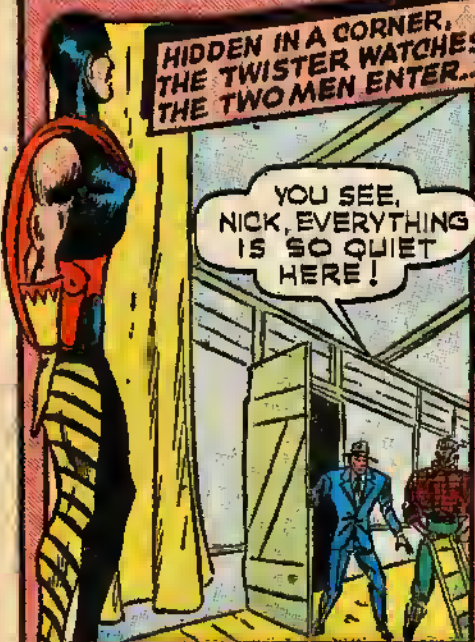


THAT WIND CALMED DOWN ALL OF A SUDDEN.. PIERRE... THE FOREST SURE IS MYSTERIOUS!

COME ON IN NICK! YOU'VE GOT THE JITTERS!



HIDDEN IN A CORNER, THE TWISTER WATCHES THE TWO MEN ENTER...



YOU SEE, NICK, EVERYTHING IS SO QUIET HERE!

NOW, ABOUT THESE CAVE MEN OF MINE... EACH ONE DOES THE WORK OF THREE MEN... AND I SURE CAN DRIVE THEM ALL NIGHT!



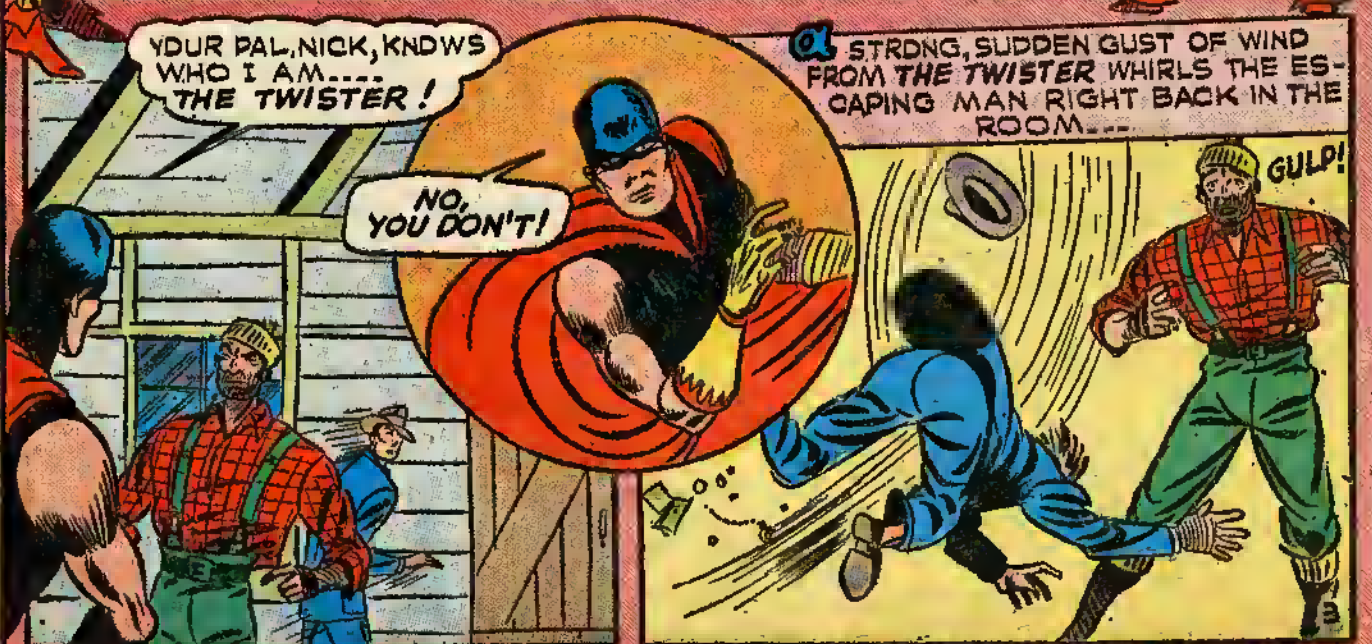
THAT'S VERY PROFITABLE, PIERRE! BY THE WAY, HOW DO YOU PAY THEM?

PAY? A FIVE CENT CHOCOLATE BAR PER NIGHT IS... SAY... WHO IS IN HERE?



YOUR PAL, NICK, KNOWS WHO I AM... THE TWISTER!

NO, YOU DON'T!



A STRONG, SUDDEN GUST OF WIND FROM THE TWISTER WHIRLS THE ESCAPING MAN RIGHT BACK IN THE ROOM...

GULP!

DON'T FOOL WITH THE FORCE THAT UPROOTS TREES... SMASHES HOUSES WHEN AROUSED, MY FRIEND... NOW I HAVE SOMETHING TO DISCUSS WITH YOU, MR. BIG NICK!



...SEND THOSE HELPLESS CREATURES BACK TO THEIR CAVES...OR I'LL STOP YOUR MOVING A SINGLE

STICK OF LUMBER FROM CAMP!



AS THE TWISTER TALKS TO NICK, PIERRE PICKS UP A SHARP AXE AND HURLS IT AT THE TWISTER!!

THIS'LL CUT YOUR WHISTLE TWISTER!



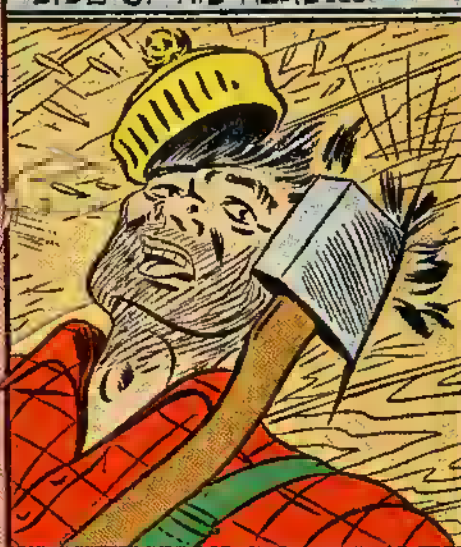
YOU NEEDN'T BE JEALOUS, PIERRE! I'LL ATTEND TO YOU RIGHT NOW!



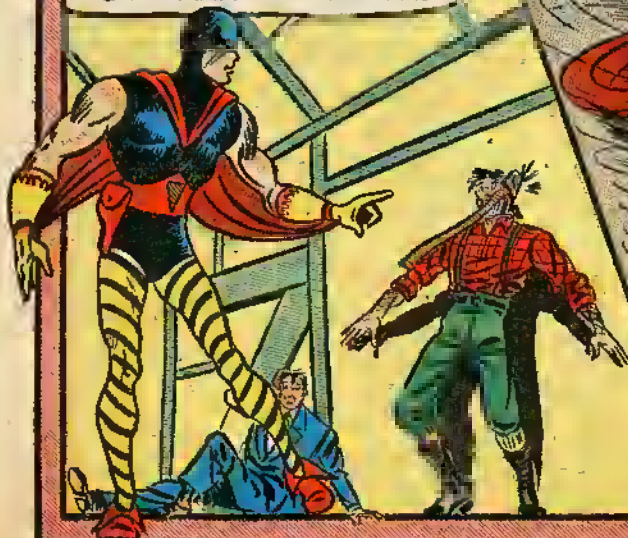
THE TWISTER FLINGS THE AXE BACK AT PIERRE...



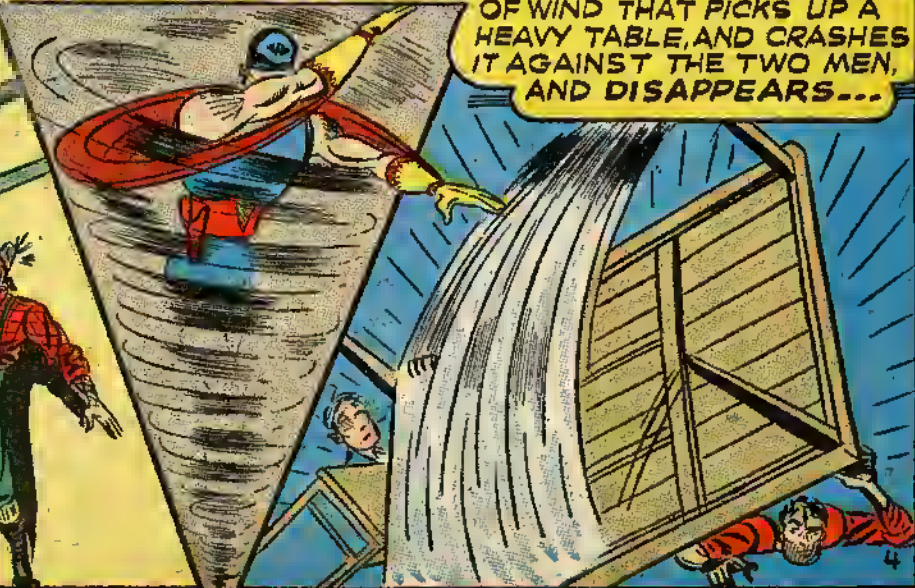
...AND ITS SHARP EDGE NEATLY TRIMS THE HAIR OFF THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD...



RELEASE THOSE ENSLAVED CAVE MEN...THE BOTH OF YOU...AT ONCE! I SHALL NOT WARN YOU AGAIN!



AS A REMINDER OF HIS POWER...THE TWISTER SENDS A GUST OF WIND THAT PICKS UP A HEAVY TABLE, AND CRASHES IT AGAINST THE TWO MEN, AND DISAPPEARS...



THE TWO MEN UNTANGLE THEMSELVES FROM THE TABLE...AND RUSH OUTSIDE...

GUESS HE'S GONE...
BAH! HE CAN'T STOP US... BESIDES THERE'S MONEY TO BE MADE!

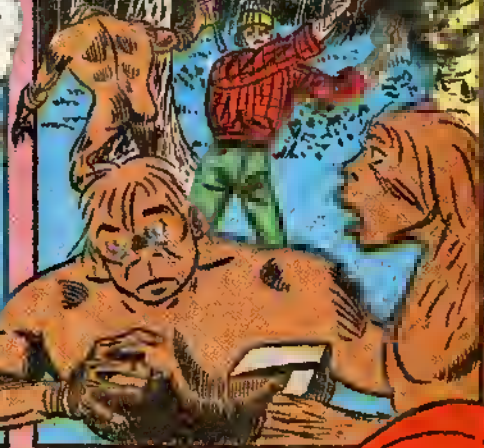
WHAT HAPPENED?



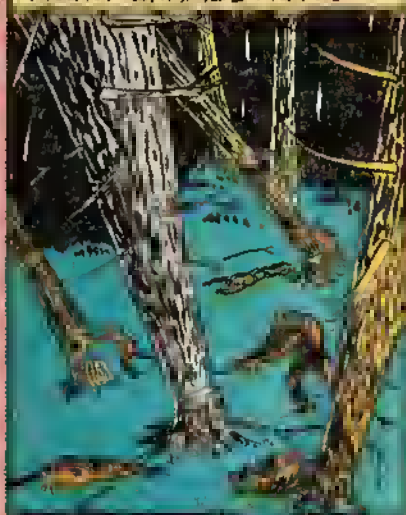
NOW TO GIVE MY LITTLE PETS A SPECIAL TREATMENT TO SPEED UP PRODUCTION!



FASTER! FASTER! YOU LAZY MONSTERS OF THE NIGHT!



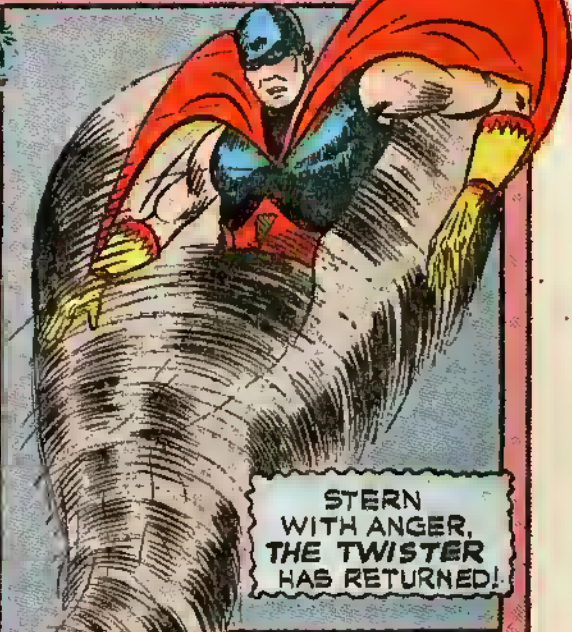
PIERRE'S WHIP CRACKS UNTIL THE OVERWORKED CAVE MEN START DROPPING FROM EXHAUSTION!



WHEN A HOWLING CYCLONE DROWNS OUT THE CRACKING OF PIERRE'S BRUTAL WHIP!



STERN WITH ANGER, THE TWISTER HAS RETURNED!



THE TWISTER PLOUGHS THROUGH PIERRE'S OVERSEERS AND MOWS THEM DOWN LIKE WHEAT...



BLAST HIM! GET HIM YOU "MOON EYED" CREATURES OR YOU'LL GET NO MORE CHOCOLATE!



YOU ASKED FOR THIS!

DRIVEN ON WITH THE FEAR OF LOSING THEIR PRECIOUS CHOCOLATE RATIONS...THE CAVE MEN ATTACK THE TWISTER WITH HERCULEAN EFFORT...BEING MANY IN NUMBER, AND OF SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH...THEY TRAP HIM!

5

PIERRE ORDERS THE HOME-
LY CAVE MEN TO TIE THE
TWISTER TO A TREE...

POOR DEVILS!
THEY WERE FORCED
TO DO THIS!

DIG A HOLE HERE!
MAKE IT DEEP! WE'LL
BURY THAT GUY FOR
GOOD!

...MUST DO SOMETHING
QUICK...OR I'M FINISHED!
AH! MY CYCLONE
GUN...

OH...I'VE
GOT TO REACH
THAT GUN!

THE TWISTER'S HAND FOLDS
ON THE GUN AND A SHORT
BLAST ON THE ROPE...

FREES
HIM...

HERE'S A
LITTLE TOKEN
TO SHOW HOW I
FEEL ABOUT YOU!

THOSE BULLETS
ARE COMING
TOO CLOSE!

SURPRISED... PIERRE'S MEN POUR
A STEADY STREAM OF BUL-
LETS AFTER HIM!

DON'T LET
HIM GET AWAY!

ANNOYED AT THE BULLETS
WHIZZING PAST HIM, THE
TWISTER WHEELS AROUND.

AND SENDS A WITHERING
BLAST FROM THE CYCLONE
GUN INTO THE MEN!

WEEPING LOW TO THE GROUND, THE TWISTER BATTERS THROUGH MORE MEN TO GET AT PIERRE...

EVIDENTLY YOU THOUGHT I WAS FOOLING! YOU KNOW BETTER NOW!

ORDER THOSE POOR BRUTES TO RETURN TO THEIR HOMES, OR I'LL MAKE PULP OUT OF YOU!

I'LL DO IT!

HE LUNGES AT HIM...

IN SHEEPISH BEWILDERMENT, THE CAVE MEN LUMBER BACK TO THEIR MOUNTAIN DWELLING...

...AND AS THE LAST ONE DISAPPEARS INTO THE CAVE...THE TWISTER SEALS IT SHUT FOREVER.

THEY'LL NEVER BE TREATED LIKE THAT AGAIN!

BACK IN THE LOG HOUSE!

THERE GO OUR FREE LABORERS! CURSE THAT TWISTER!

DON'T WORRY! WITH ALL THE LUMBER STORED...WE'LL STILL HAVE PROFITS!

HOWEVER... BIG NICK'S STATEMENT WAS ONLY WISHFUL THINKING, AS SOME GIGANTIC POWER RIPS THE ROOF OF THE CABIN OFF...

NOW WHAT?

GOOD LORD! LOOK... THE ROOF IS BLOWING OFF!

IT'S HIM AGAIN... LOOK WHAT HE'S DOING!

THE TWISTER HAS AGAIN COME BACK TO COMPLETE THE PUNISHMENT THE TWO PLOTTERS WELL DESERVE... A CYCLONIC WIND GRIPS THE STORED LOGS...

...AND SUCKS THEM HIGH INTO THE AIR AT A TERRIFIC SPEED!

LET'S GET OUT OR WE'LL BE KILLED!

UNDER THE TWISTER'S CONTROL, THE LOGS DIP... AND CRASH INTO THE EARTH!

PIERRE... YOU HAVE BROUGHT THIS UPON YOURSELF... DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS AGAIN, AND YOU'LL ANSWER TO ME!

BAM!

AFTER THE DUST SETTLES, ALL THAT CAN BE SEEN IS A FEW BROKEN LOGS STICKING ABOVE THE SURFACE. THE REST ARE BURIED DEEP UNDERGROUND!

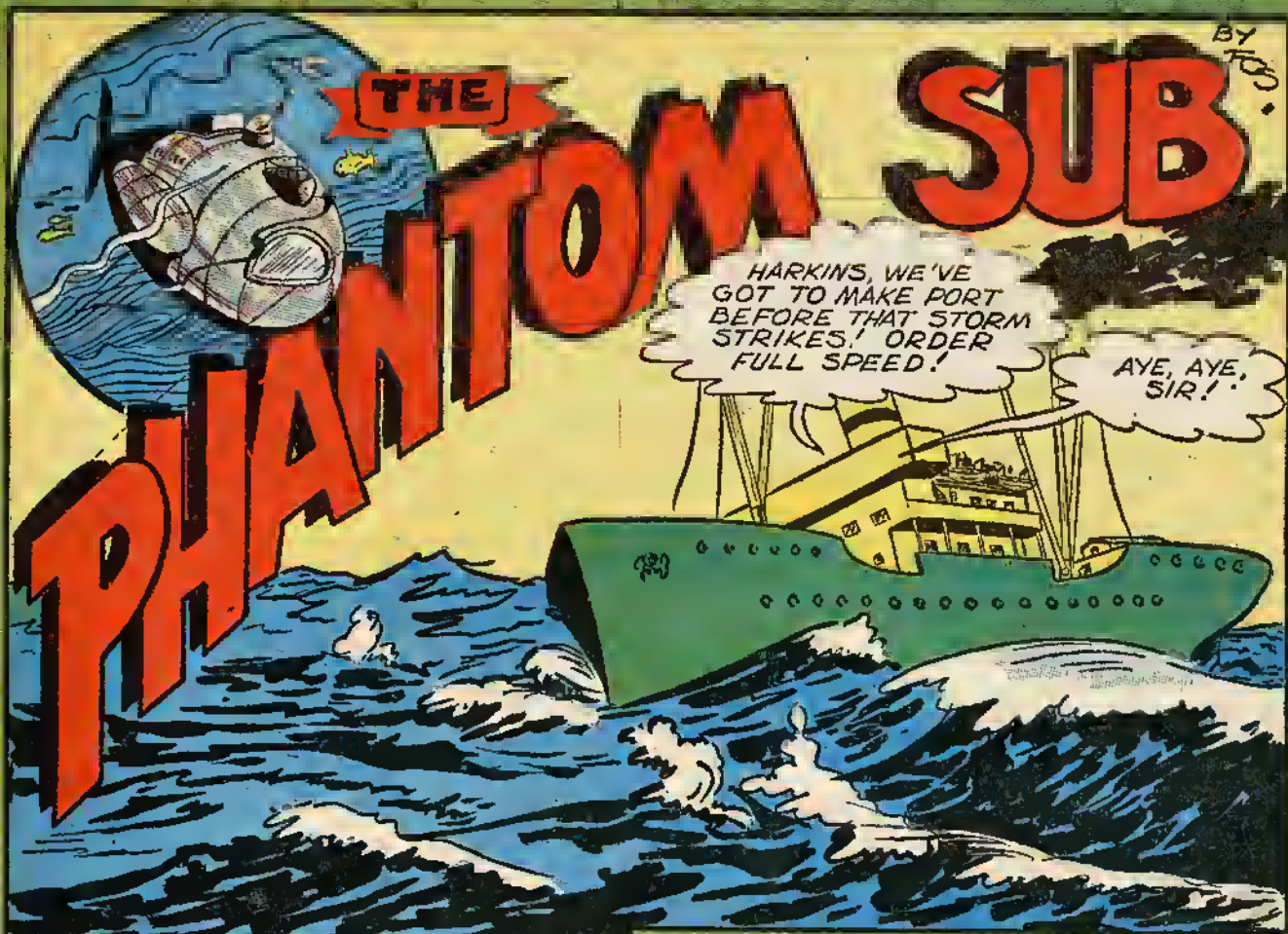
WITH A ROAR... THE TWISTER IS GONE!!

WELL, NICK... WE'RE WIPED OUT... LOST EVERYTHING!

HE'S AN ILL WIND...

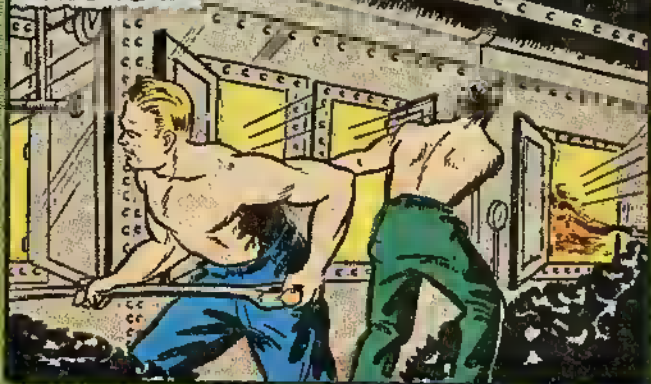
...WHO BLOWS NO GOOD FOR US! HE COULD HAVE WIPED US OFF THE EARTH TOO! THE TWISTER... HMM, YOU CAN'T FIGHT AGAINST A FELLOW WHO CONTROLS THE WIND!!

THE
TWISTER
STRIKES AGAIN!
IN THE NEXT ISSUE
of
BLUE BOLT
MAGAZINE



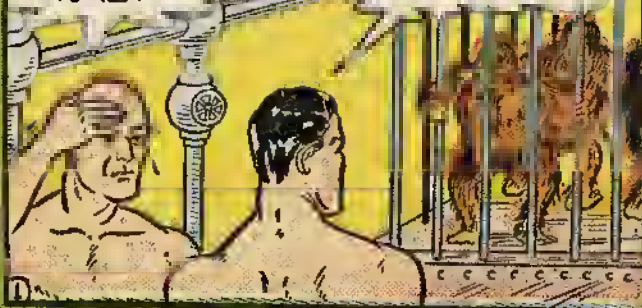
OFF THE SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST OF THE UNITED STATES, A BATTERED TRAMP STEAMER IS BEATING ITS WAY TOWARD PORT. A FIERCE TROPICAL STORM IS BREWING AND THE SOUNDLESS AIR SEEMS FILLED WITH FOREBODING EVIL !!!

AT THE ORDER THE BLACK GANG BUILD UP MORE STEAM IN THE TRAMP'S OLD BOILERS -



WOT'S THE OLD MAN TRYIN' TO DO, BLOW US ALL UP? THOSE OLD BOILERS CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE!

AS IF IT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH PLAYIN' NURSEMAID TO A BUNCH OF GORILLAS!

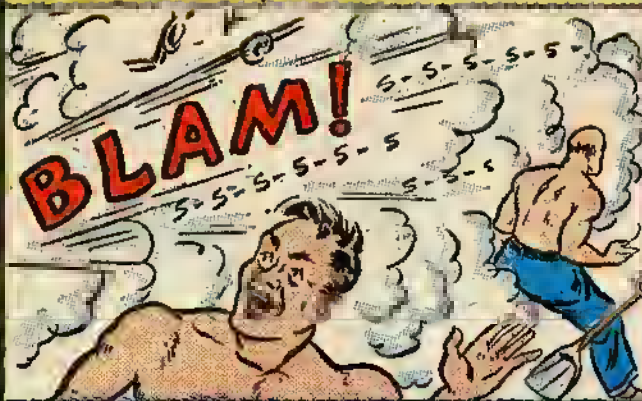


YEAH! GORILLAS IN TH' BOILER-ROOM! WOT A VESSEL!

WELL, IT SEEMS THAT FOR ALL THEIR SIZE THEY'RE DELICATE DEVILS, SO THE OLD MAN KEEPS 'EM HERE SO THEY WON'T CATCH COLD!



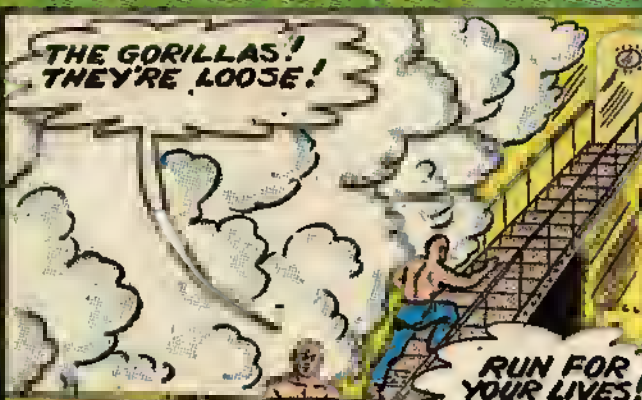
SUDDENLY, UNDER THE BUILT-UP PRESSURE, ONE OF THE SHIP'S OLD BOILERS EXPLODES!



LIVE STEAM IS SPRAYED ONTO THE GORILLAS! WITH SCREAMS OF RAGE AND PAIN, THEY PULL AT THE BARS OF THEIR PRISON!



THE GORILLAS!
THEY'RE LOOSE!



RUN FOR
YOUR LIVES!

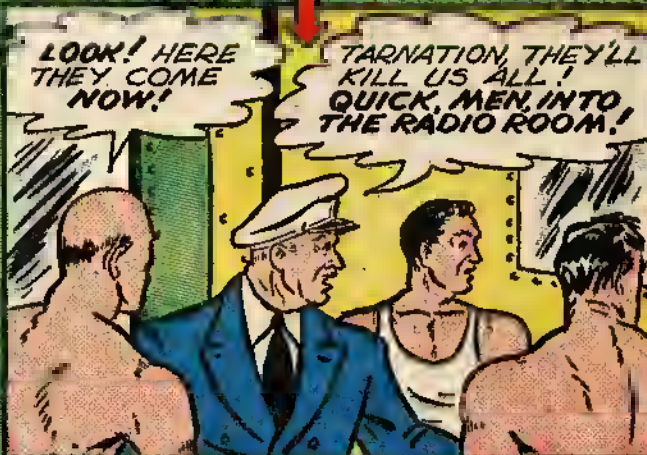
WHAT WAS THAT
EXPLOSION? --
WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH YOU MEN?

NUMBER TWO
BOILER BURST,
CAPTAIN, AND
THE GORILLAS
HAVE ESCAPED!



LOOK! HERE
THEY COME
NOW!

TARNATION, THEY'LL
KILL US ALL!
QUICK, MEN, INTO
THE RADIO ROOM!



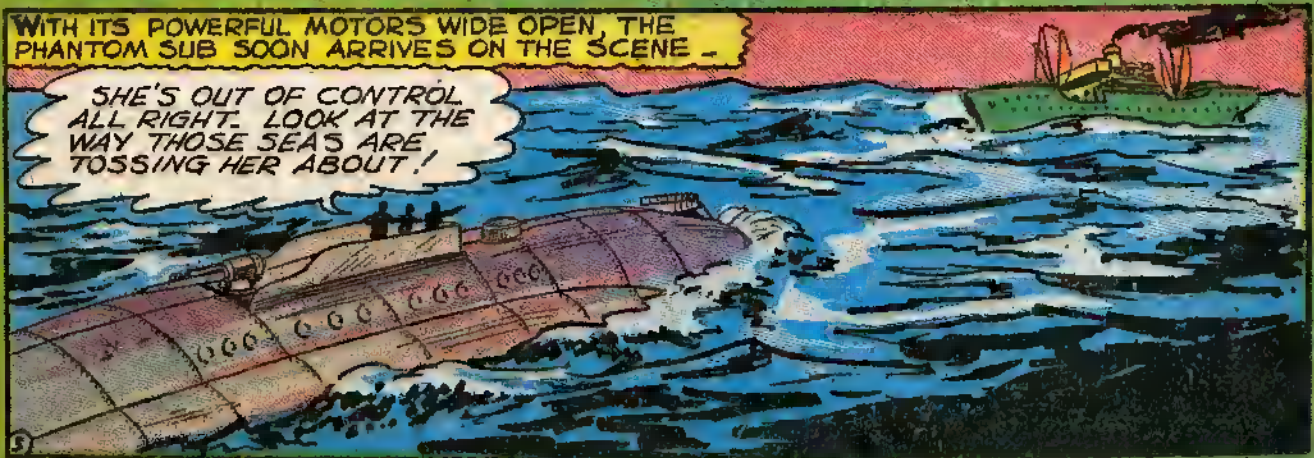
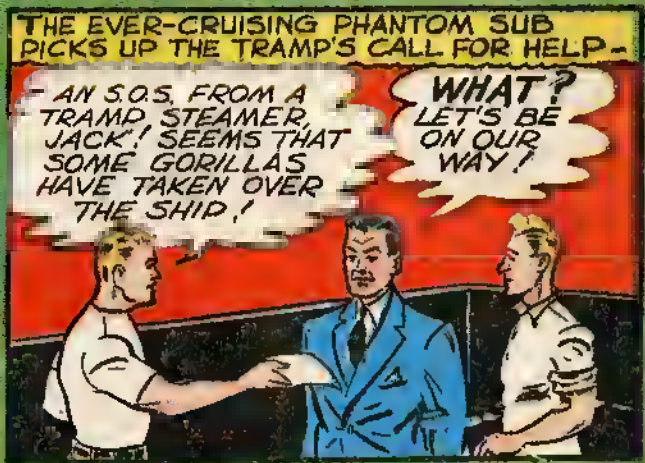
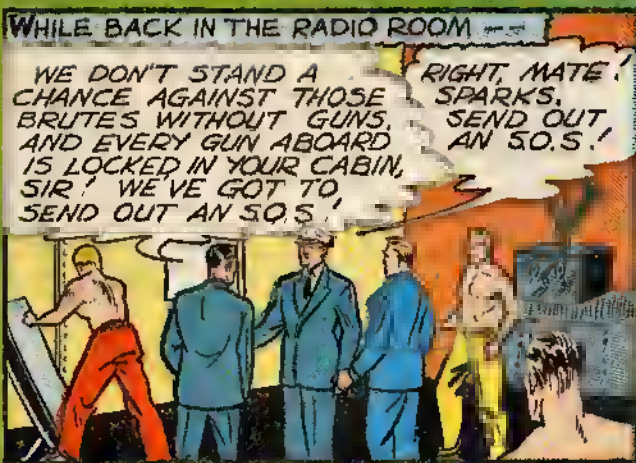
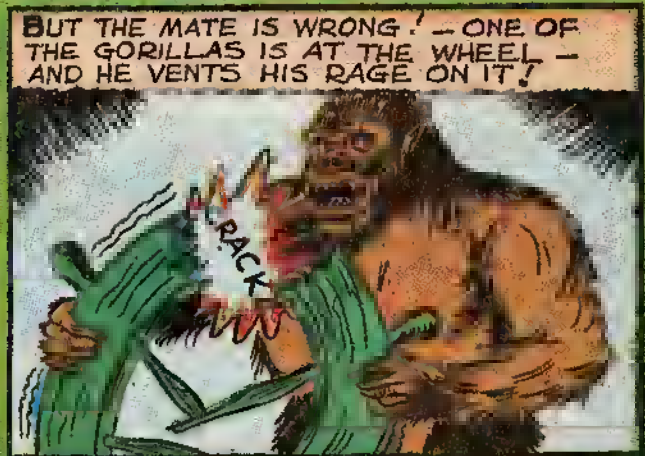
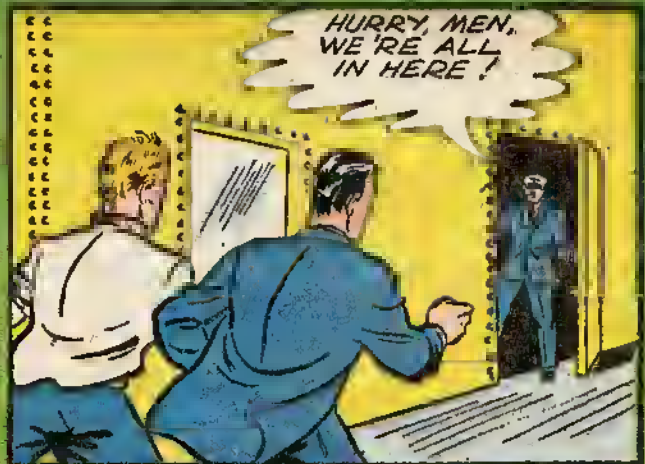
TEMPORARILY BAFFLED BY THE LOCKED
DOOR OF THE RADIO ROOM, THE GORILLAS
HEAD FOR THE BRIDGE!



WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH THAT 'BLACK
GANG'? - WE'RE
GETTING LESS
STEAM THAN --

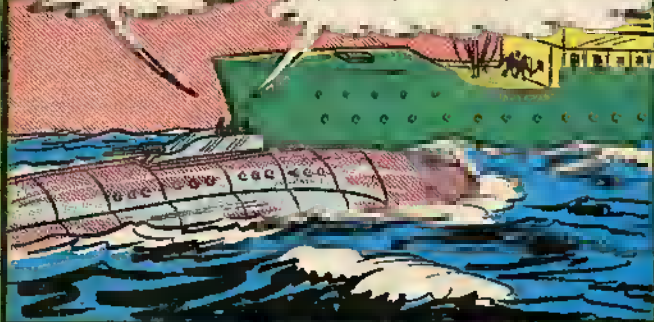
YEEOW!
GORILLAS!





HEY, THERE ARE THE GORILLAS! THEY MUST HAVE THE CREW IMPRISONED IN THAT CABIN!

YEAH, AND BETWEEN THEIR STICKING CLOSE TO THE CABIN, AND THESE ROLLING SEAS, WE'LL NEVER GET A SHOT AT THEM!



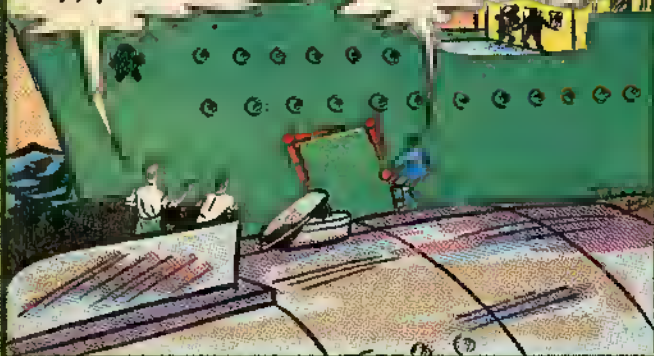
IF THEY WOULD ONLY COME OVER NEAR THE RAIL WE WOULD HAVE A CLEAR SHOT AT THEM!

RIGHT!... AND I'M GOING TO BE THE DECOY TO BRING THEM THE SWING OUT THE CLAW!



YOU'RE COMMITTING SUICIDE, JACK! FORGET ABOUT IT!

IT'S GOT TO BE DONE - SWING AWAY!



AS SOON AS JACK HITS THE DECK, THE GORILLAS SEE HIM AND RUSH -

NOW IT'S MY TURN TO MOVE - AND I'D BETTER NOT SLIP!



BUT THE WET DECKS PROVE JACK'S UNDOING AND HE DOES SLIP, DIRECTLY UNDER THE FOREMOST GORILLA -

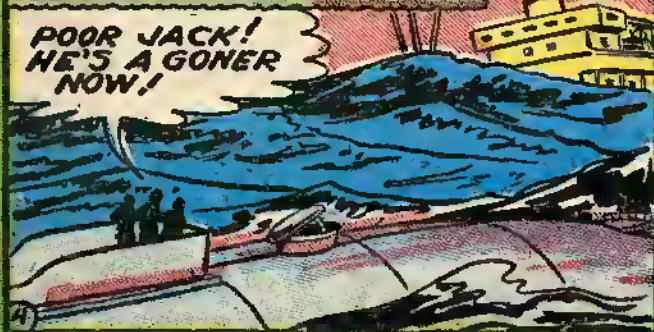


JUST AS THE GORILLA IS ABOUT TO GRAB JACK, THE WATER-GUN SPEAKS AND AN ELECTRIFIED PROJECTILE FINDS ITS MARK!

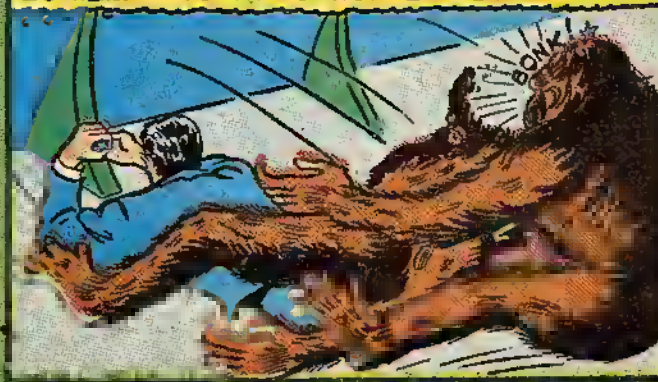


WITH THE FIERCE STORM RAPIDLY NEARING, THE SEAS REACH MOUNTAINOUS HEIGHTS - NOW, THE HEAVY SEA KEELS THE SHIP OVER SO THAT THE PHANTOM CREW CAN'T EVEN SEE THE DECK OF THE TRAMP -

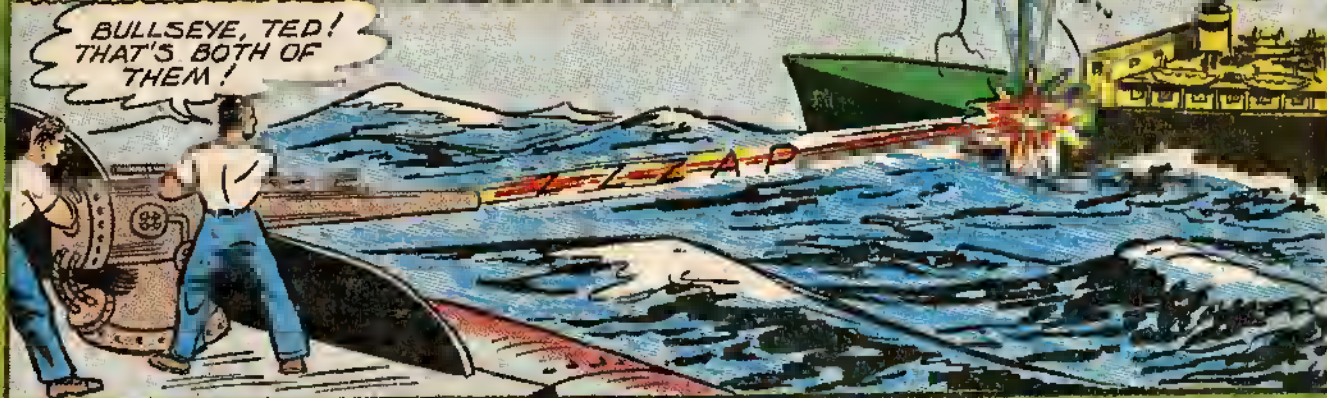
POOR JACK! HE'S A GONER NOW!



BUT THE ROLLING SEA AIDS JACK BY THROWING THE BODY OF THE PARALYZED GORILLA INTO THE OTHER BEAST -



THE SHIP NOW ROLLING BACK, GIVES THE PHANTOM CREW A CLEAR SHOT AT THE OTHER GORILLA —

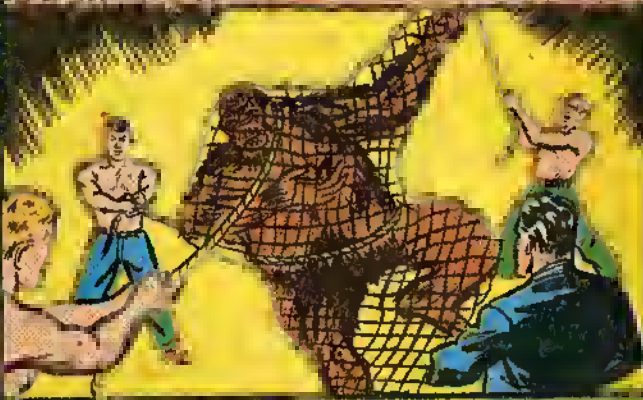


I GUESS WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME! THERE ARE YOUR TWO GORILLAS! THEY'RE JUST PARALYZED!

TWO GORILLAS? WE HAD THREE! ONE'S STILL LOOSE. GET THE NET, MEN, AND ROUND HIM UP!

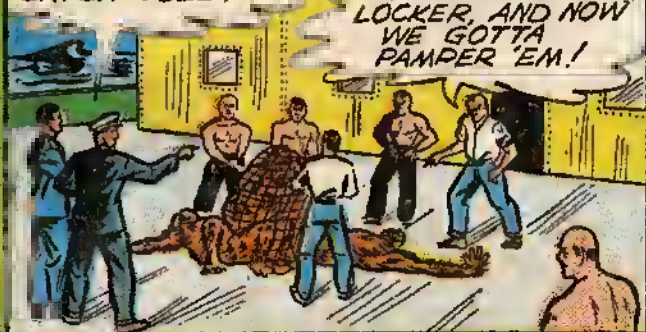


THE OTHER GORILLA IS DISCOVERED IN THE WHEELHOUSE AND IS SOON CAPTURED!



ALL RIGHT, MEN, GET THOSE BEASTS DOWN TO THE BOILER ROOM BEFORE THEY CATCH COLD!

CAN YA BEAT IT? FIRST THEY ALMOST SEND US TO DAVEY JONES' LOCKER, AND NOW WE GOTTA PAMPER 'EM!



YOUR MEN DON'T LIKE PLAYING NURSEMAID TO THE GORILLAS, CAPTAIN?

NO BUT GETTING THEM IN SAFELY MEANS A LOT TO MY FIRM, SO IT'S GOT TO BE DONE -- COME ON, MEN, GET THAT WHEEL FIXED AND THE SHIP UNDER CONTROL!



WE GOT OUR SHIP UNDER CONTROL JUST IN TIME. THAT STORM WILL HIT IN A FEW MINUTES! I CAN ONLY THANK YOU FELLOWS FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART!

WE WERE GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE, CAPTAIN! -- BUT HURRY, SLIM, WE'VE GOT TO SUBMERGE TO RIDE OUT THIS STORM!



ANOTHER
THRILLING ADVENTURE
ABOARD THE
"PHANTOM SUB"
IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF
BLUE BOLT
COMICS!!

SUB-ZERO

SUB-ZERO, WHO HAS DEDICATED HIS STRANGE POWER OF FREEZING TO FIGHT EVIL, RECEIVES A PHONE CALL FROM HIS GIRL FRIEND, MARY HOWARD, AN ACTRESS, ASKING HIM TO MEET HER AT A ROSE GARDEN RESTAURANT. AS HE HEADS THERE IN A TAXI, A SEDAN FOLLOWS.



MARY SOUNDED WORRIED, AND MYSTERIOUS... I WONDER WHAT'S UP?

STEP ON IT, APE, I WANNA GET ALONGSIDE!

GIVE IT TO HIM SLOW... IT HITS MORE!

AS THE SEDAN DRAWS ALONGSIDE THE TAXI, TWO WATER PISTOLS GO INTO ACTION... SQUIRTING DEADLY STREAMS OF ACID!



HERE'S A LITTLE FACE-LIFTING!... FREE OF CHARGE!

YOU CAN DISH IT OUT, ICE-BERG... BUT CAN YOU TAKE IT?

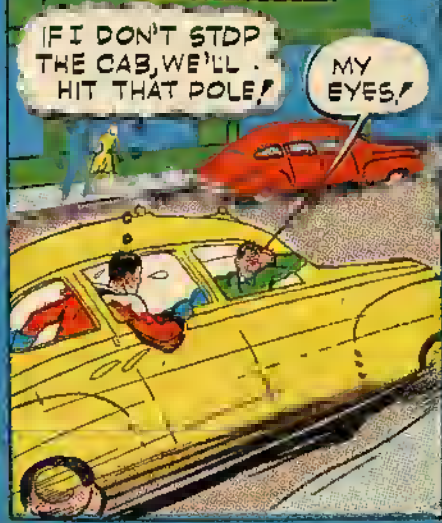
OW-W-W!

SUB-ZERO COVERS HIMSELF WITH A PROTECTIVE COAT OF ICE...



SAVED MY SKIN... BUT I CAN'T FREEZE THE ACID!

HIS FACE SEARED BY THE CORROSIVE FLUID, THE DRIVER LOSES CONTROL OF THE TAXI...



IF I DON'T STOP THE CAB, WE'LL HIT THAT POLE!

MY EYES!

AS THE TAXI HURTTLES TOWARD THE POLE. . .

MAYBE I CAN BLAST THE BRAKE DOWN!



SUB-ZERO'S HAND MOVES..ICE FORCES THE BRAKE DOWN TO THE FLOOR. . .

WE'RE STOPPING... FAST!



THE TAXI IS JERKED TO AN ABRUPT HALT... WITHIN INCHES OF THE POLE... SUB-ZERO WHIRLS. . .

NOW BOYS, WE'LL SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE IT!



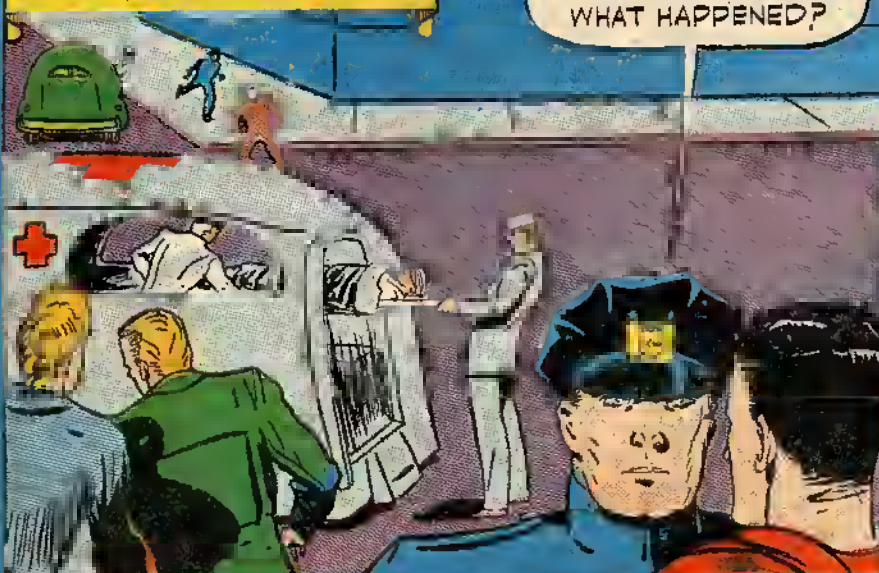
DEATH... IN THE FORM OF A FREEZING BLAST... STRIKES AT THE FLEEING MOB CAR!

BR-R-R-R! I'LL BET THAT'S SUB-ZERO... TOSSING ONE OF HIS ICE-BOMBS... WHICH MEANS THESE GUYS ARE THROUGH!



AN AMBULANCE IS RUSHED TO THE SCENE. . .

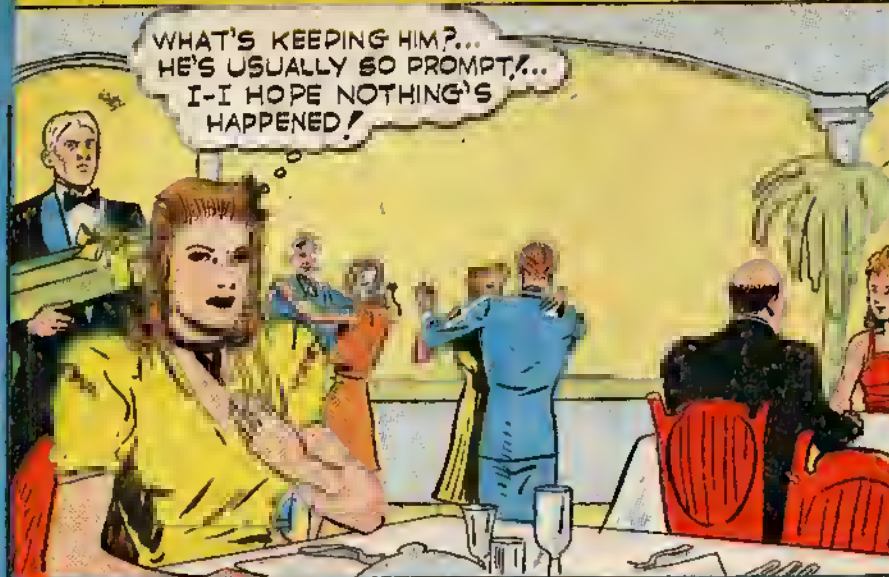
THEM RATS NEED A MORGUE WAGON?... WHAT HAPPENED?



THEY TRIED TO PUT ME ON THE SPOT... BUT YOU CAN GET A STATEMENT FROM THE TAXI DRIVER AT THE HOSPITAL... I'VE A HUNCH THIS IS ONLY THE START... SEE YOU LATER!



MEANWHILE, AT A RESTAURANT ATOP A MIDTOWN SKYSCRAPER, MARY ANXIOUSLY WAITS FOR SUB-ZERO.



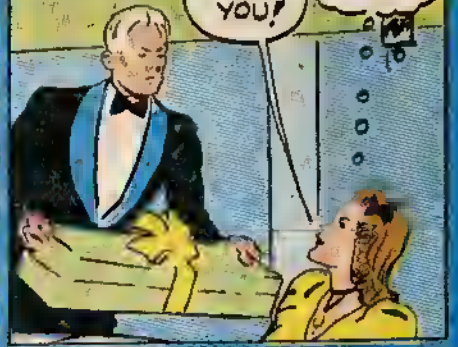
WHAT'S KEEPING HIM?... HE'S USUALLY SO PROMPT!... I-I HOPE NOTHING'S HAPPENED!

A WAITER HANDS MARY A LARGE BOX...

A MESSENGER BOY JUST DELIVERED THIS, MISS HOWARD...

A PRESENT FROM SUB-ZERO I'LL BET... WANTS ME TO FORGIVE HIM FOR STANDING ME UP!

THANK YOU!



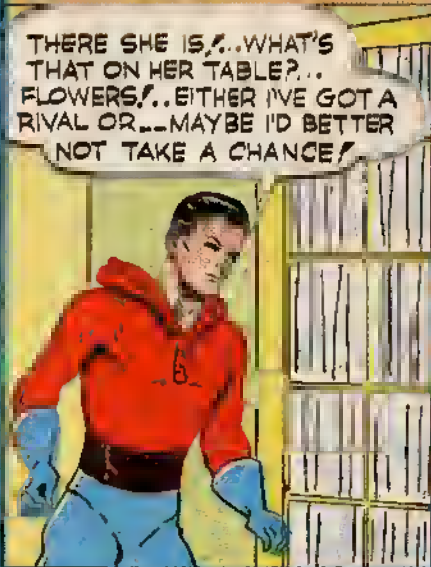
ORCHIDS TO YOU!

DEAR MARY... WAS DETAINED ON A CASE... DON'T BOTHER WAITING... WILL EXPLAIN LATER... SUB-ZERO.



BUT, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, SUB-ZERO APPEARS AT THE RESTAURANT.

THERE SHE IS!... WHAT'S THAT ON HER TABLE?... FLOWERS?... EITHER I'VE GOT A RIVAL OR... MAYBE I'D BETTER NOT TAKE A CHANCE!



SENSING SOMETHING WRONG, SUB-ZERO FLICKS A COLD SHAFT AT MARY'S HANDS JUST AS SHE IS ABOUT TO TAKE THE ORCHIDS FROM THE BOX....

EEK! MY BOY FRIENDS HERE!



INDIAN-GIVER! FIRST, YOU SEND ME FLOWERS... THEN YOU SEND THEM AWAY!... AND THEY'RE SO LOVELY!

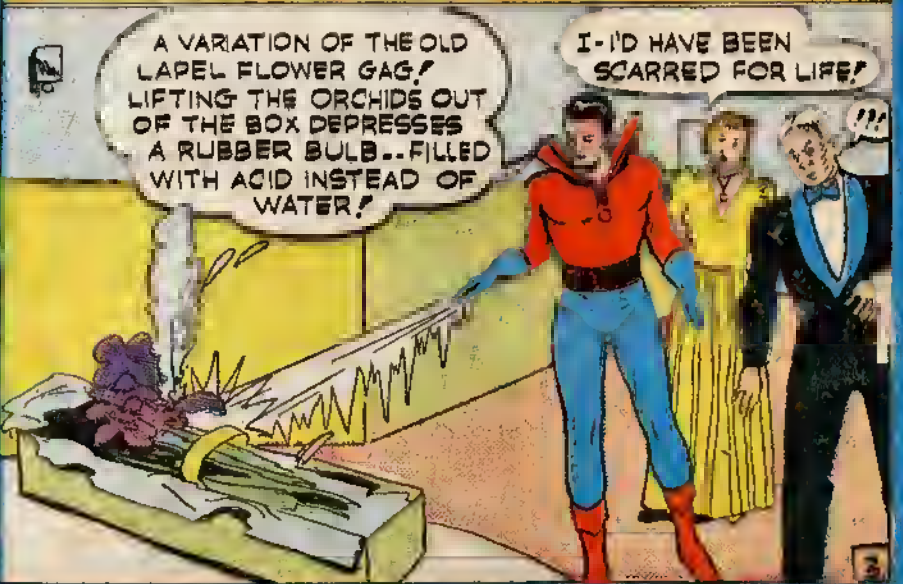
I NEVER SENT THEM! AND IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, THEY'RE NOT AS LOVELY AS YOU THINK... WATCH!



DIRECTING MARY TO STAND ASIDE, SUB-ZERO BLASTS THE ORCHIDS... AND FROM A FAKE FLOWER LEAPS A STREAM OF ACID.

A VARIATION OF THE OLD LAPEL FLOWER GAG! LIFTING THE ORCHIDS OUT OF THE BOX DEPRESSES A RUBBER BULB... FILLED WITH ACID INSTEAD OF WATER!

I-I'D HAVE BEEN SCARRED FOR LIFE!



HERE'S WHY I PHONED YOU. IT OUGHT TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING. I GOT IT IN THIS MORNING'S MAIL.

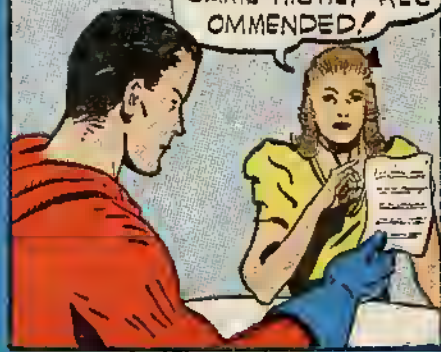


IF YOU DON'T WANT YOUR DOLL FACE MESSED UP, FORK OVER \$10,000. DON'T WARN THE COPS OR YOUR BOY FRIEND. IF EVERYTHING'S OKAY, PUT AD IN CHRONICLE'S PERSONAL COLUMN. ADDRESS IT TO "JOE" AND SIGN IT "DAISY." WE'LL REPLY IN EVENING STAR.



AN EXTORTION MOB?... I WONDER WHO TIPPED THEM OFF THAT YOU PHONED ME?

I-I DON'T KNOW... UNLESS IT WAS JEAN, MY NEW MAID... BUT SHE CAME HIGHLY RECOMMENDED!



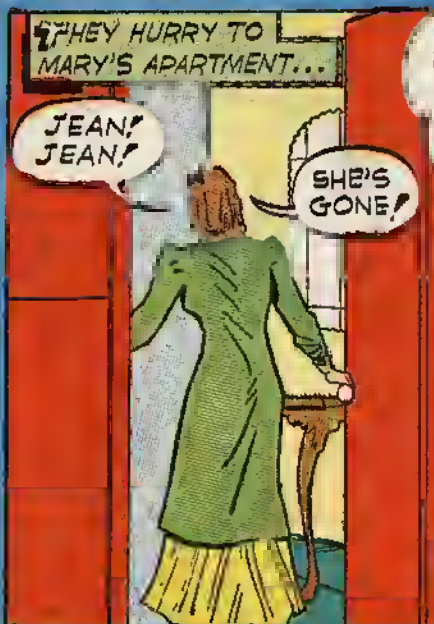
YOU'LL FIND SOME VERY HIGHLY RECOMMENDED PEOPLE IN SING SING! LET'S GO TO YOUR PLACE AT ONCE-- MAYBE JEAN'S STILL THERE!



THEY HURRY TO MARY'S APARTMENT...

JEAN! JEAN!

SHE'S GONE!

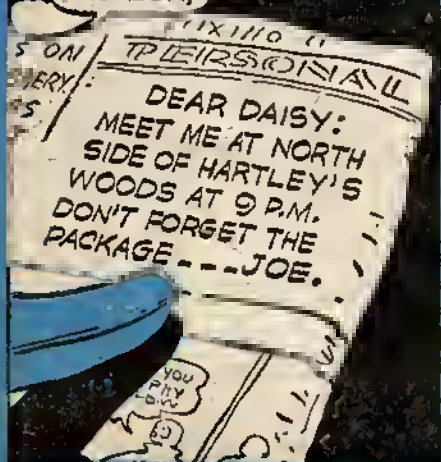


OF COURSE! AND WHEN SHE MEETS HER NEXT VICTIM, SHE'LL PROBABLY USE YOU AS A REFERENCE!... THERE'S NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT FOLLOW THE MOB'S INSTRUCTIONS!



MARY PUTS AN AD IN A MORNING PAPER NEXT DAY... THE EVENING STAR CARRIES A REPLY...

HARTLEY'S WOODS... A NICE PLACE FOR A MURDER!



VERY NICE, AND I SUPPOSE I'M THE PERSON THEY MARK WITH AN "X" IN THE TABLOIDS... YOU KNOW... "X" MARKS THE SPOT!

THAT WILL BE MY ROLE. WITH THE PROPER MAKEUP, I MAY GET BY. BUT FIRST

WE'LL NEED SOME COPS FOR OUR LITTLE MELO-DRAMA!



SUB-ZERO CALLS POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS...

HELLO, CHIEF... BRING SOME BRUISEURS UP TO MARY HOWARD'S APARTMENT... I'LL EXPLAIN. WHEN YOU GET THERE!



WITH MARY'S EXPERT AID, SUB-ZERO IS TRANSFORMED INTO 'MARY'!

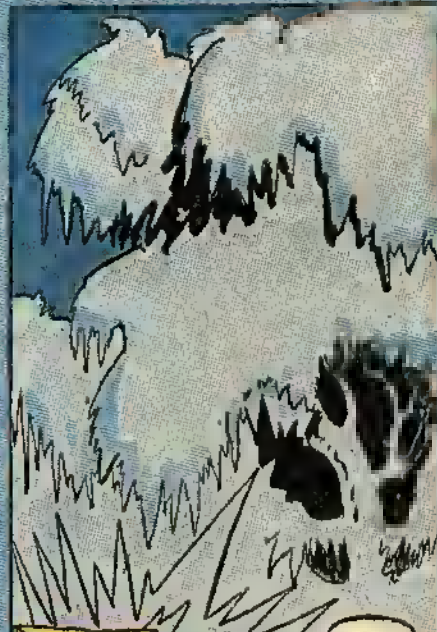


THE TRANSFORMATION IS COMPLETE...

ANN SHERIDAN HAS NOTHING ON ME?... HOW'S THE OOMPH?



SUB-ZERO... ALIAS MARY... BOARDS A POLICE PLANE AND SPEEDS TOWARD HARTLEY'S WOODS...



AS FIVE MOBSTERS LEAP FROM BEHIND THE TREES, SUB-ZERO HURLS A SERIES OF FREEZING BLASTS... THE GUNMEN SQUIRM AS ICICLE-COVERED BRANCHES IMPRISON THEM...



BUT ONE TREE ESCAPES THE WINTRY BLAST... REVELL, THE MOB LEADER, STEPS FROM BEHIND IT...

DROP THE ARTILLERY, BOYS, AND I'LL LET THE BRANCHES THAW OUT!

I HATE TO DO THIS TO A LADY... EVEN A FAKE ONE!



DAT'S IT, BOSS... NOW GET US OUTTA' HERE!

TAKE THAT, MISS SUB-ZERO!

YEOW!



REVELL FREES HIS HENCHMEN... ONE OF THEM PRODUCES A BOTTLE OF ACID...

DIS'LL FIX HIM SO HIS OWN MOTHER WOULDN'T KNOW HIM!

NOT YET, COKEY. WE MAY NEED HIM. PUT HIM IN THE CAR. WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE HIDE-OUT!



SEARING PAIN AWAKENS SUB-ZERO IN THE GANG HIDEOUT... REALIZING HE IS TIED WITH ACID-SOAKED ROPE HE FREEZES HIS BODY... THEN HE LOOKS AROUND AND SEES...

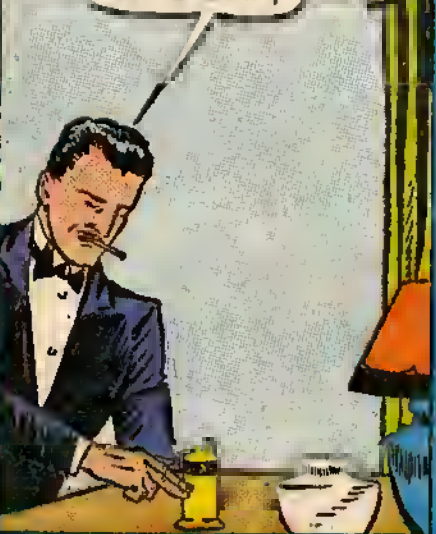
YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIM IN THE DRESS, JEAN... ALMOST AS PRETTY AS YOU!

DON'T BE FUNNY, YOU'RE NOT CUT OUT FOR COMEDY. GET RID OF HIM... HE'S ONLY EXCESS BAGGAGE!

DAT'S WHAT I SAY, JUST ONE SLUG!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'D DO WITHOUT ME?... HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN MISS HOWARD'S TEN GRAND?



WITH AN INSCRUTABLE SMILE, THE LEADER GOES TO A PHONE IN THE HALLWAY, AND DIALS MARY'S NUMBER.

HELLO, MISS HOWARD. THIS IS JOE... WE'VE GOT SUB-ZERO. HE'S NOT MUCH OF AN ACTRESS... IF YOU WANT TO SEE HIM AGAIN, YOU'D BETTER SEE ME FIRST ON MY WAY. DON'T TIP THE COPS!

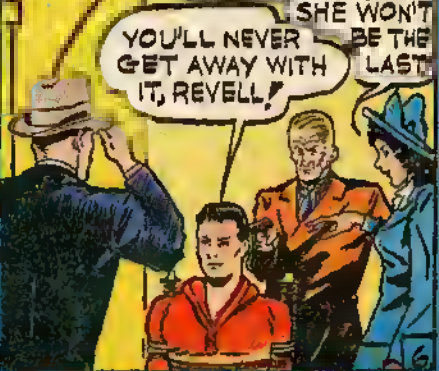
WHAT! WELL... I'LL SEE YOU..



IT'S ALL ARRANGED... LET'S GO... YOU STAY, COKEY... AND IF YOU DON'T HEAR FROM ME IN AN HOUR, YOU CAN LET HIM HAVE THAT SLUG!

MARY HOWARD ISN'T THE FIRST ONE WE'VE TAKEN DOUGH FROM, AND SHE WON'T BE THE LAST.

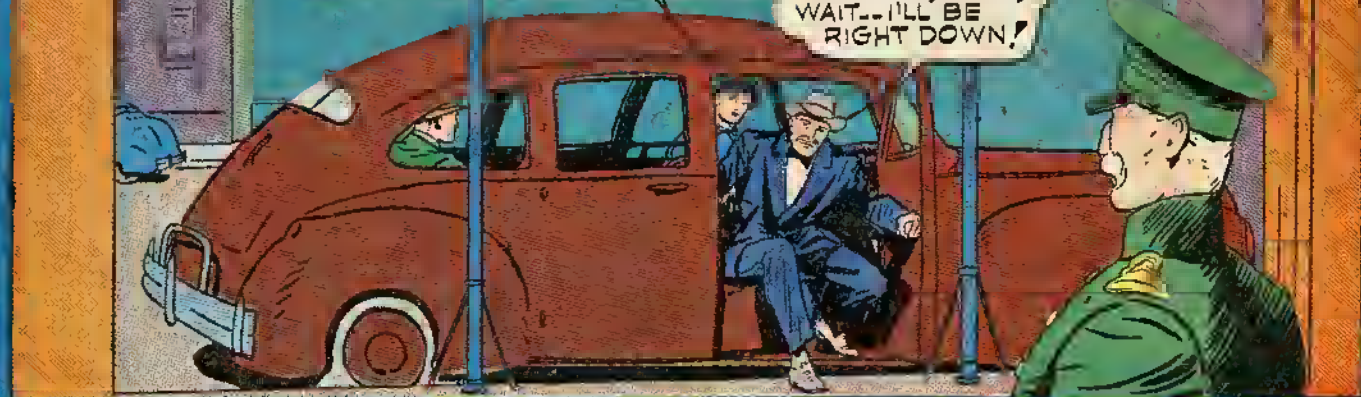
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT, REVELL!



LATER... THE MOB'S CAR PULLS UP IN FRONT OF MARY'S HOME...

SHE PROBABLY HASN'T GOT THE DOUGH IN THE HOUSE... SO TELL HER TO BRING A CHECK. I CAN CASH IT TOMORROW!

I'LL DO THE CASHING, DEAR, WAIT... I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!



REVELL ENTERS THE HOUSE, RINGS THE BELL OF MARY'S APARTMENT.

WHO ARE YOU?

A BUSINESS ASSOCIATE OF MISS HOWARD'S... I'VE GOT TO SEE HER ABOUT SOMETHING IMPORTANT.

THAT'S RIGHT, CHIEF. HE'S FROM THE THEATER. I... I GUESS THEY'RE REVISING THE SCRIPT... I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, JOE!



A WHISPERED COMMAND FROM THE COOL GANGSTER AND MARY GETS A CHECK... THEN THEY LEAVE...

SURE YOU DON'T WANT A POLICE ESCORT?

GOODBYE... CHIEF... I'LL BE BACK... SHORTLY.

DON'T WORRY, CHIEF. SHE'LL BE QUITE SAFE... IN MY HANDS!



THE BRAZEN MOBSTER'S RUSE WORKS... HE AND MARY GO DOWNSTAIRS...

AH! THE PRIMA DONNA HERSELF!

THIS IS JEAN... I BELIEVE YOU TWO HAVE MET BEFORE!

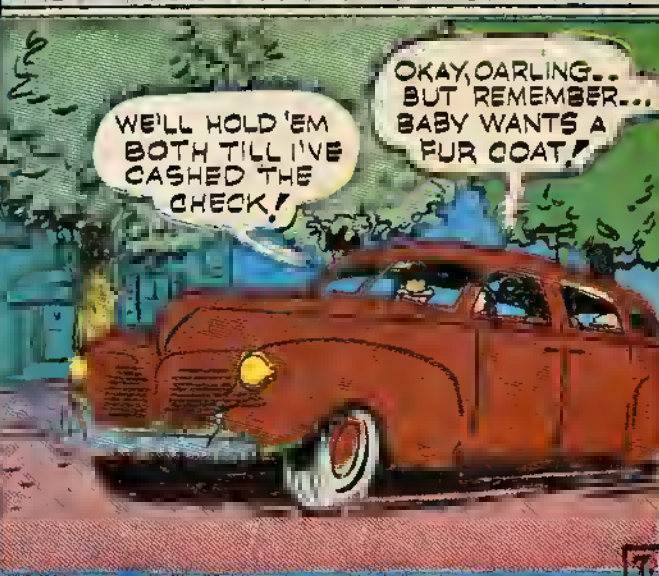
IF SUB-ZERO WASN'T IN DANGER, I'D PULL EVERY HAIR OUT OF HER HEAD!



WITH MARY A PRISONER, THE GANG CAR SPEEDS TOWARD THE HIDEOUT...

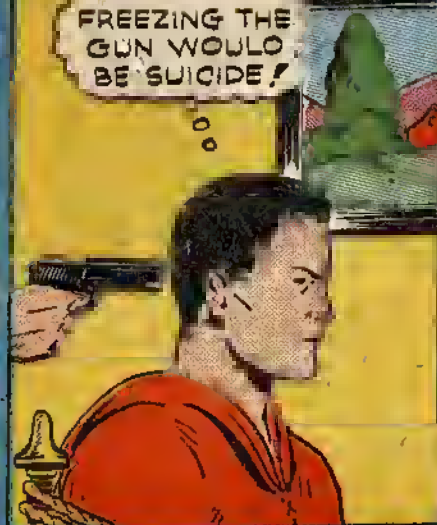
WE'LL HOLD 'EM BOTH TILL I'VE CASHED THE CHECK!

OKAY, OARLING... BUT REMEMBER... BABY WANTS A FUR COAT!



MEANWHILE, SUB-ZERO STRIVES TO THINK OF A WAY OUT OF THE TRAP. . .

FREEZING THE GUN WOULD BE SUICIDE!



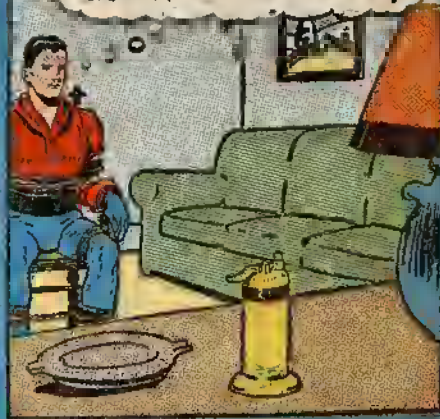
NOW IF I CAN MANEUVER COKEY IN FRONT OF ME. . .

NO TRICKS! THE DOCTOR SAYS I GOT A VERY NOVOUS TRIGGER FINGER!



SUB-ZERO'S GLANCE ROVES. FALLS ON REVELL'S CIGARETTE LIGHTER. . .

TRICKY LITTLE GADGET! MAYBE I CAN USE IT FOR A BETTER PURPOSE THAN LIGHTING CIGARETTES!



UNSEEN BY COKEY, ONE OF SUB-ZERO'S FINGERS MOVES AND FLICKS A COLD SHAFT. . .



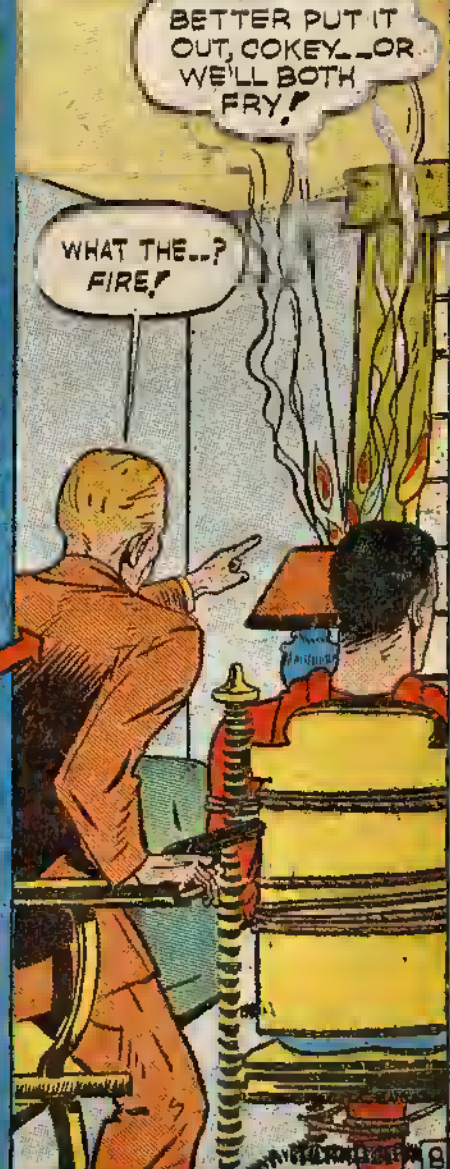
. . . THAT PUSHES THE LIGHTER BACK. . . BACK. . . UNTIL IT TOUCHES ONE OF THE WINDOW DRAPERIES. . .



THE FLAME SPREADS TO THE WINDOW DRAPERIES. . . COKEY LEAPS TO HIS FEET. . .

BETTER PUT IT OUT, COKEY! . . . OR WE'LL BOTH FRY!

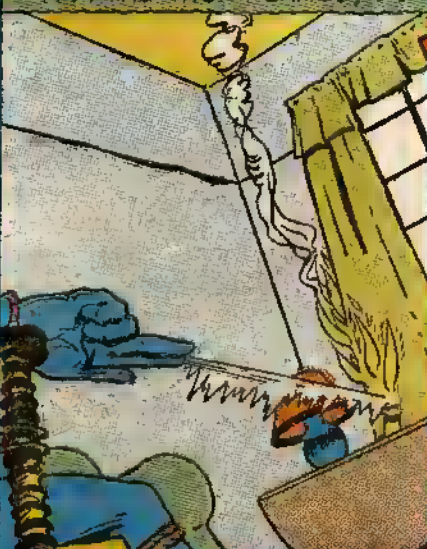
WHAT THE...? FIRE!



ICE FORMS ON THE TRIGGER OF THE LIGHTER. . . PRESSES IT DOWN. . .



GETTING THE TRIGGER THAW, SUB-ZERO AGAIN FREEZES IT. . . THE WICK FLAMES!



FORGETTING SUB-ZERO IN HIS FEAR OF FIRE, COKEY RUSHES TO EXTINGUISH THE BLAZE.

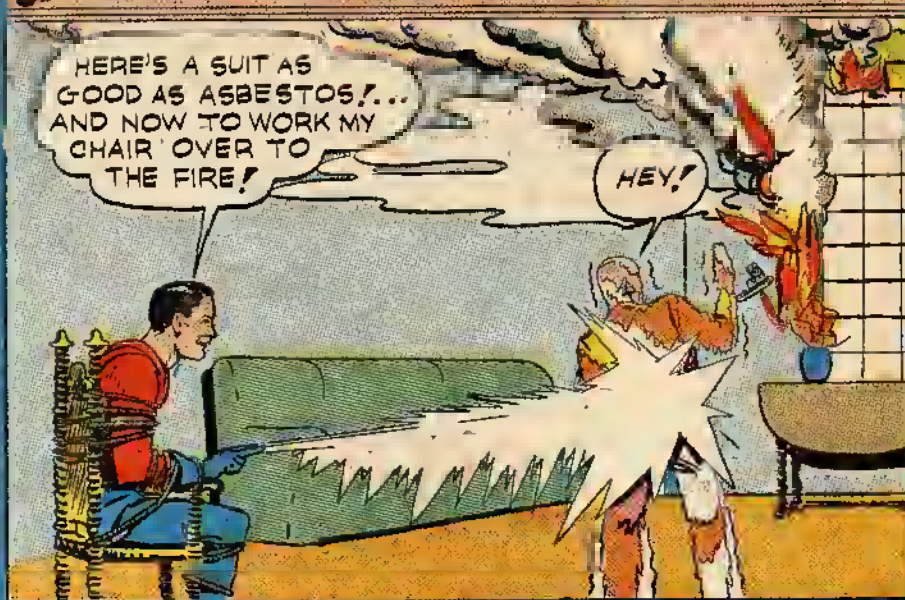
GOT HIM JUST WHERE I WANTED HIM--- IN FRONT OF ME!



SUB-ZERO SPECIAL HALTS COKEY DEAD IN HIS TRACKS...

HERE'S A SUIT AS GOOD AS ASBESTOS?... AND NOW TO WORK MY CHAIR OVER TO THE FIRE!

HEY!



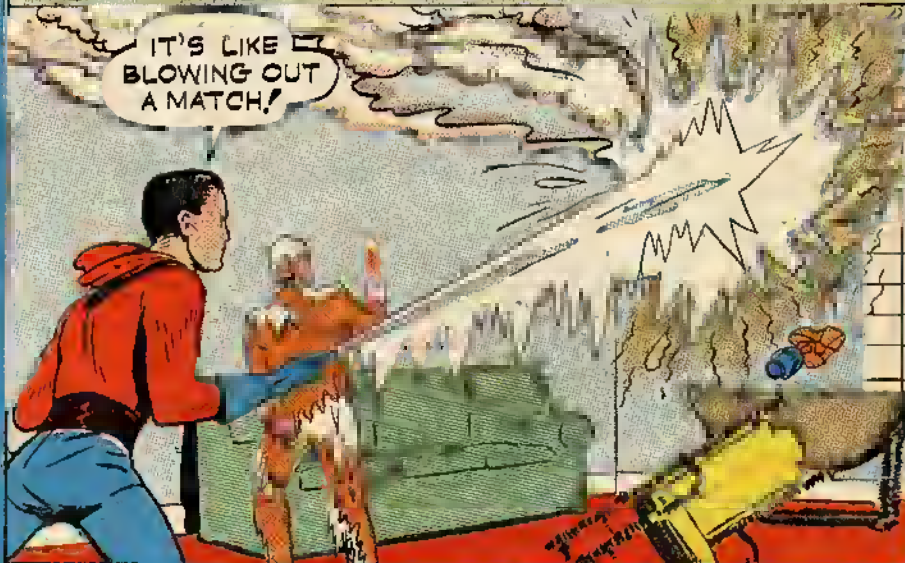
SUB-ZERO MANEUVERS THE CHAIR TO THE BLAZING WALL. FLAME LICKS HIS BONDS...

OW!... THAT HURT! BUT I'M FREE!



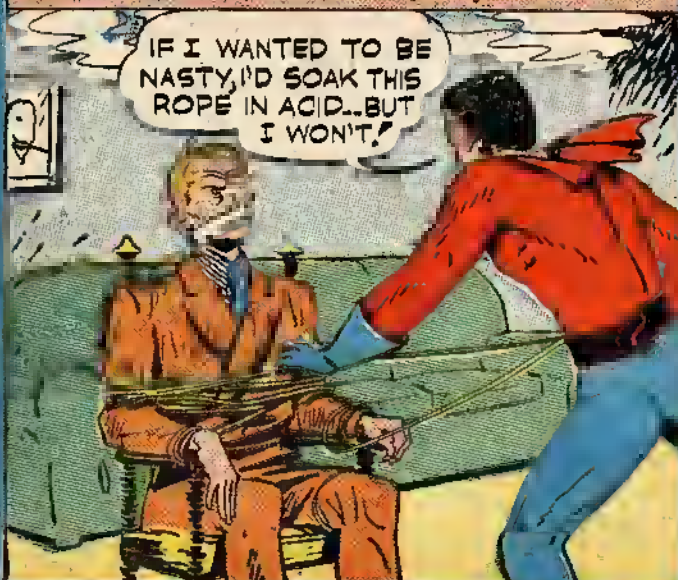
LEAPING FROM THE CHAIR, HE WHIRLS AND BLASTS THE FLAMING WALL...

IT'S LIKE BLOWING OUT A MATCH!



ALLOWING COKEY TO THAW, SUB-ZERO TIES HIM IN THE CHAIR.

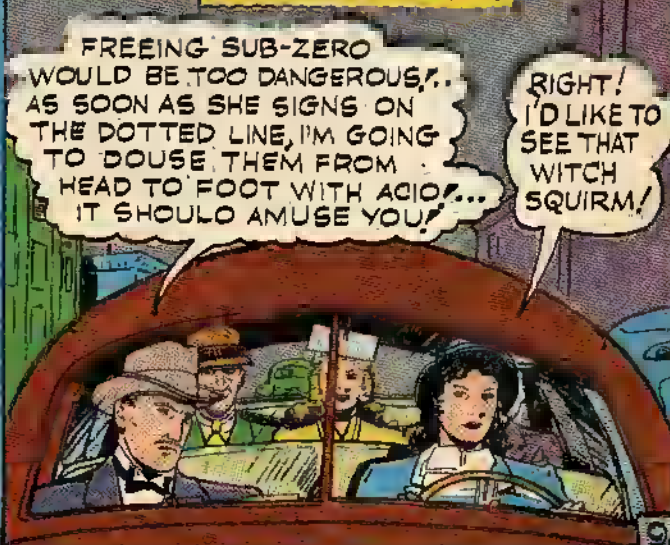
IF I WANTED TO BE NASTY, I'D SOAK THIS ROPE IN ACID... BUT I WON'T!



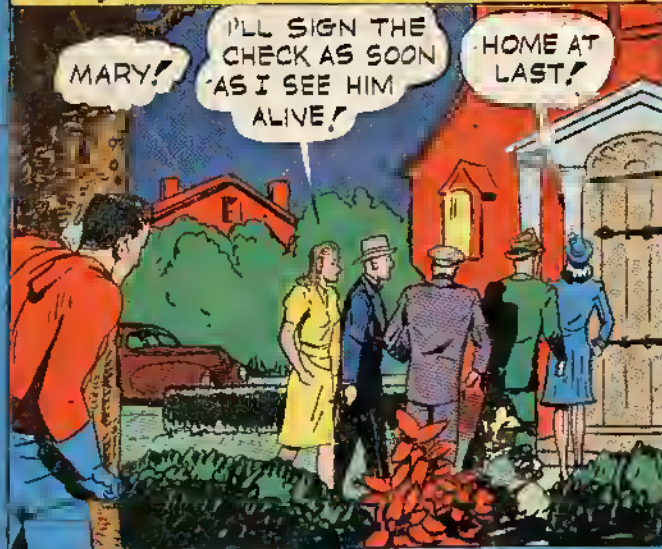
MEANWHILE, AS THE MOB CAR APPROACHES THE HIDEOUT... THERE IS A WHISPERED CONVERSATION...

FREEING SUB-ZERO WOULD BE TOO DANGEROUS... AS SOON AS SHE SIGNS ON THE DOTTED LINE, I'M GOING TO DOUSE THEM FROM HEAD TO FOOT WITH ACID... IT SHOULD AMUSE YOU!

RIGHT! I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT WITCH SQUIRM!



THE CAR STOPS IN THE MANSION'S DRIVEWAY... ITS OCCUPANTS ALIGHT... FROM BEHIND A TREE, SUB-ZERO WATCHES...



MARY!

I'LL SIGN THE CHECK AS SOON AS I SEE HIM ALIVE!

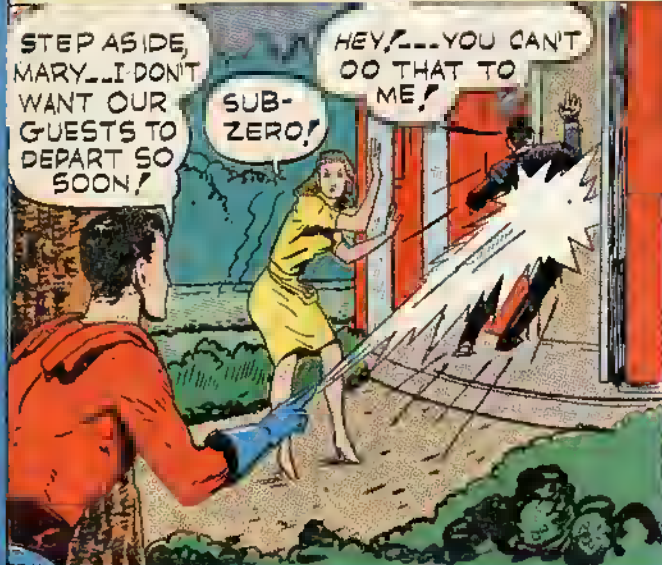
HOME AT LAST!

WITH AN EFFORT, SUB-ZERO RESTRAINS HIMSELF...



A FEW MORE STEPS... THEN...

SUB-ZERO CREATES A GALE OF COLD WIND... IT PUSHES REVELL INTO THE HOUSE...

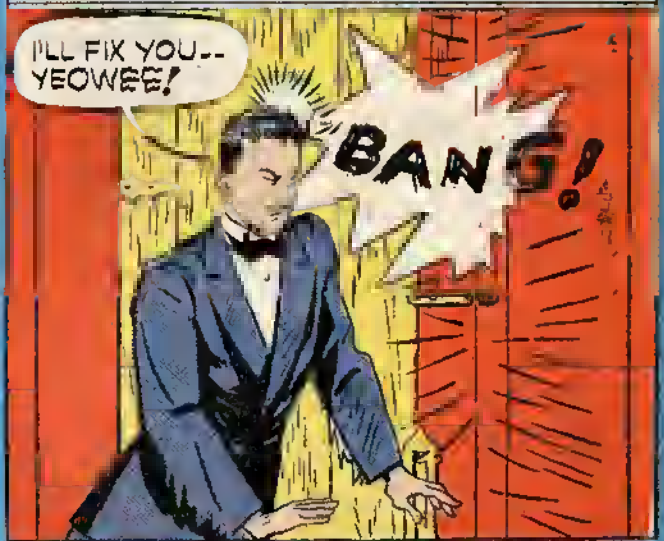


STEP ASIDE, MARY... I DON'T WANT OUR GUESTS TO DEPART SO SOON!

SUB-ZERO!

HEY!... YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO ME!

AS REVELL WHIRLS TO RUSH OUT OF THE HOUSE, ANOTHER COLD BLAST SLAMS THE DOOR IN HIS FACE...



I'LL FIX YOU... YEOWEE!

BANG!

SUB-ZERO IMPRISONS THE MOB BY COVERING THE BUILDING WITH A THICK COAT OF ICE...



LET ME OUT! IT'S LIKE AN ICEBERG!

CUTE LITTLE IGLOO! WHEN WE GET MARRIED, WE'LL HAVE A PLACE JUST LIKE THAT!

DO I LOOK LIKE AN ESKIMO?

LATER, THE POLICE ARRIVE...



REVELL ADMITS HE PULLED THE SAME RACKET ON A HALF-DOZEN OTHER WOMEN... ONLY THEY WERE TOO SCARED TO TELL US OFF.

SUCH A POLITE GANGSTER, TOO!

BUT IT'S HIS LAST BOW!

THE SUB-ZERO STORY IN NEXT MONTH'S

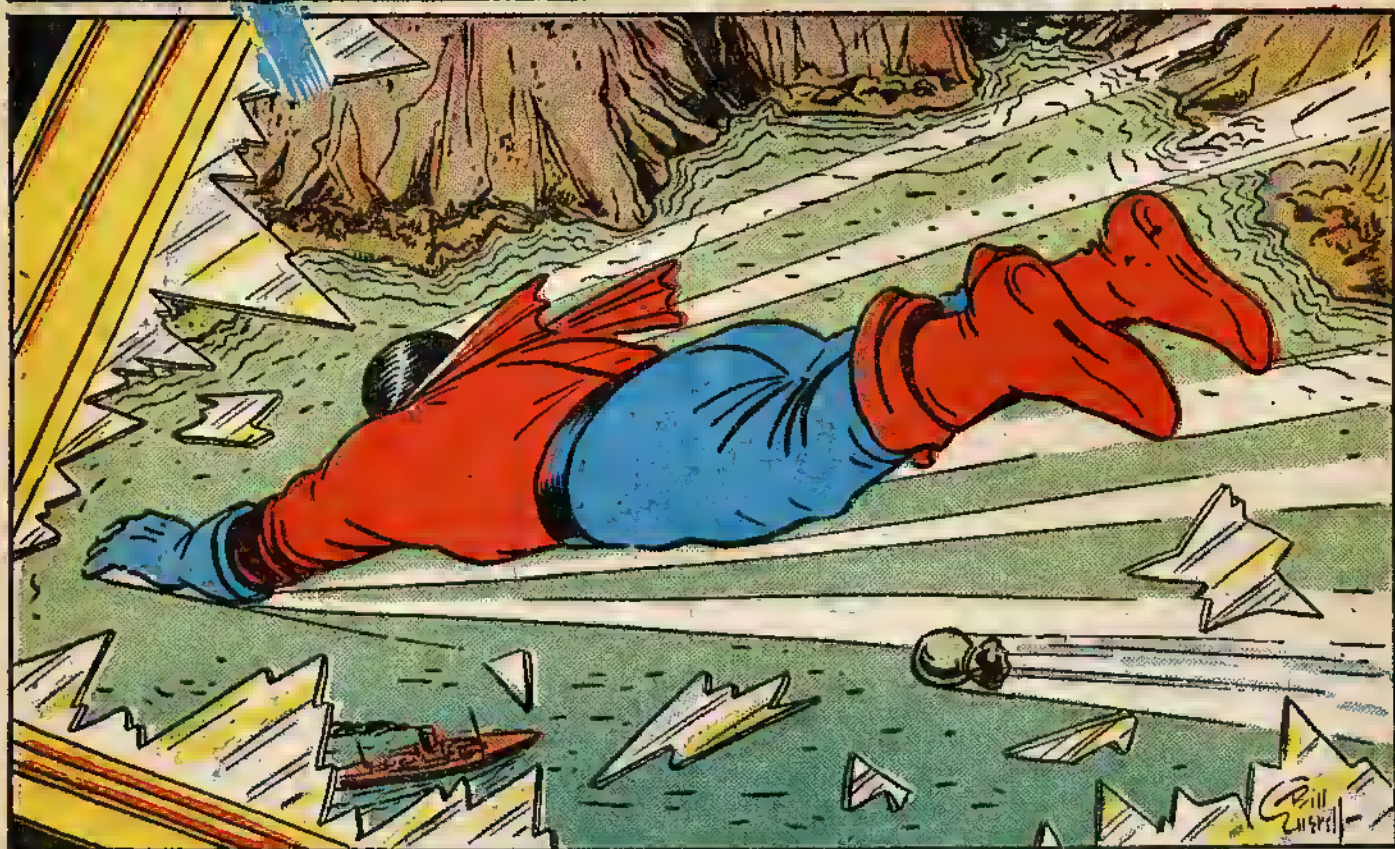
BLUE BOLT IS **COLD ICE COLD BRRRR!**

FROZEN

ICE

Sub-Zero side-stepped and dove through the window
—down—down—to the waters of the bay below!

by
Ray Gill



"SUB-ZERO I've come to ask your help!" exclaimed Don Largo, the owner of the Aura, one of the world's largest diamonds. "Last night, during a private exhibition of the Aura, the place was suddenly thrown into darkness — and when the lights were turned on again, the great Aura wasn't anywhere to be seen!"

"Hmmm, a million-dollar ice cube—stolen—to be located and regained by Sub-Zero!" The Man of Ice laughed to himself at the strange parallel. He thought of the many rare and famous diamonds—each one with its history of discovery, adventure, and violence—the Great Mogul, the Orloff diamond and the

amazing Koh-i-nor.

"We intended to cleave the Aura today," Don Largo continued. "Now I'm afraid we shall never see it again!" He was plainly affected by the great loss.

"Won't the stone turn up somewhere?" asked Sub-Zero. "The thieves will try to dispose of it, or sell it. Don't you think?"

"Not this thief!" replied Don Largo. "He has a purpose for large fortunes in small sizes—over a million dollars in a small cube. . . ."

"Oh! So you know who stole it, then, Don Largo?" asked Sub-Zero. "That will make the recovery

of the gem much easier. Tell me, whom do you suspect?"

"At the private showing," replied Don Largo, "there was a certain man who was altogether too interested in the Aura, and the only one who would have the nerve to steal it. . . . It's a chap named Drexel Pierce—"

"Do you mean the international adventurer and trouble maker?" interrupted Sub-Zero. "I didn't know he went in for diamonds, and robbery!"

"The very same man, Sub-Zero," answered Don Largo. "His interest is not in diamonds, or in thievery, you know that. It's cre-

A "Sub-Zero" Adventure

ating revolutions—out of which he amasses fortunes . . . A little private investigation will tell where the next revolution is likely to break out, and there you will find Drexel Pierce—in the background, of course.”

“Oh, I see it now!” said Sub-Zero. “He needs money to finance another one of those ‘phony’ revolutions. But he can’t take money out of this country on account of the Government’s restrictions . . . So, he takes a diamond, because it’s easy to carry, to hide and to smuggle through!”

“That’s correct, Sub-Zero,” answered Don Largo. “The trail leads to the scene of the next revolution—wherever that is to be.”

“Well,” said Sub-Zero, “I’ll trail this master-mind and the diamond. Don’t worry, Don Largo!”

SUB-ZERO’S undercover agents disclosed to him that Drexel Pierce, under an assumed name, was leaving on a fast plane bound for a southern country. Though the plane’s passenger list was crowded, Sub-Zero managed to secure a seat. Luckily it was alongside of Drexel Pierce, who, of course, didn’t know Sub-Zero.

As a bird lifts to the flight, the great plane took off after the check-off, and for a few moments, the passengers enjoyed the view of the coast line and the blue-green of the flawless sea, below . . .

The first hop would take but a few hours, and Sub-Zero wished to get his business over quickly . . . while still within range of the good old U.S.A.

He tried several times to strike up a conversation with his neighbor, but Drexel Pierce remained silent, and cold.

Sub-Zero caught the first view of the great islands of the Caribbean, as they hove into sight. He knew that another hour’s flight would bring the ship to its first landing, and that the unpredictable Drexel Pierce might decide to jump-ship as soon as he could,

particularly if he were suspicious of one or more of his fellow passengers.

Sub-Zero determined to keep him in his seat at all costs until the location of the diamond could be determined.

Conversation having proved unwelcome, some more forceful way had to be found. Just then the hostess passed down the aisle of the ship, telling everyone to buckle on their belts preparatory to landing.

Sub-Zero’s finger just brushed the metal hook on his neighbor’s belt long enough to “freeze” the metal, so that it became as brittle as glass. The ship went into a fairly steep dive, the pilot making the best of a tight landing basin sprawled between high mountains—Drexel Pierce’s belt parted and he pitched forward, and as he scrambled to regain his balance, Sub-Zero picked up the leather brief case that had fallen to the floor of the plane. But, Drexel Pierce had been in tight places before. He saw that Sub-Zero had his brief case, and he became desperate.

Drexel Pierce was a man of instant action—and he lunged at Sub-Zero, who side-stepped and dove through the window and down—down—down, into the bay, below!

The hostess and the steward rushed toward Pierce.

“Did you say someone robbed you, sir?” they asked excitedly.

“Did I say that?” parried Pierce. . . . “It must have been the excitement . . . I’m sorry! That man beside me, who just jumped out of the window, must have been mad! . . . I——” Pierce knew that he couldn’t say anything about the diamond; that he didn’t have the diamond on him any more, that it wasn’t in the brief case, and that the brief case “robber” didn’t have it either!

For, Drexel Pierce, in the split second that it took him to realize that he was in trouble, had actually transferred the diamond to his hand the instant he lurched forward . . . but unfor-

tunately, in the scuffle and excitement, the diamond, in its leather pouch, had accidentally been catapulted right out of his stiff, frozen fingers, through the window through which Sub-Zero had made his dive.

At that very second, it was probably “hitting” the water along with Sub-Zero. Necks craned as several, including Pierce, tried to see what was happening below, in the bay.

“Gone . . . a million dollars gone . . . and a revolution . . . Confound it!” muttered Drexel Pierce, remarkably cool and calm in a situation that would have broken a man of smaller calibre.

As Sub-Zero hit the water of the bay, something “smacked” its surface beside him. It caught the eye of Sub-Zero and appeared to be a small leather pouch.

Like lightning Sub-Zero realized that this pouch-like article was the container for the much sought diamond, and he thought that it had in some way escaped from the brief case that he had carried with him as he dove. With the swiftness of a shark, Sub-Zero flashed his arm through the water directly beneath the sinking pouch, while a blast from his cold fingers froze a ball of ice around it and imprisoned the million dollar diamond securely within it.

With the pouch tucked securely beneath one of his arms, Sub-Zero turned on his back and rose to the surface “Will Don Largo open his peepers when I hand him the account of this little swim, AND THE AURA?”

“Ice has many fine qualities, and not the least valuable among them, is its lightness which made it possible to float a million dollar diamond, which, if not recovered, might have floated a million dollar revolution!”



EDISON BELL

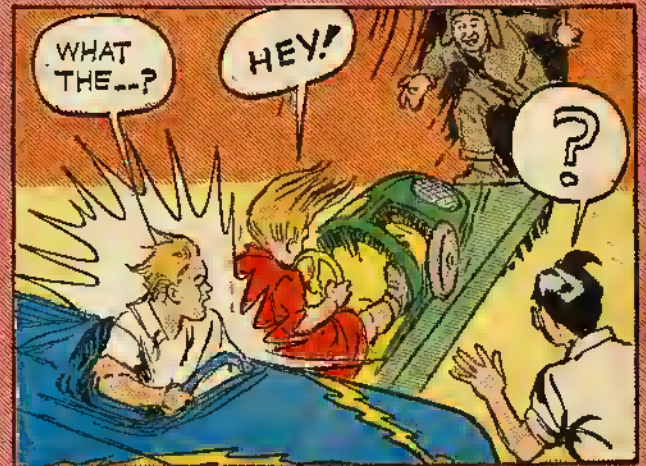
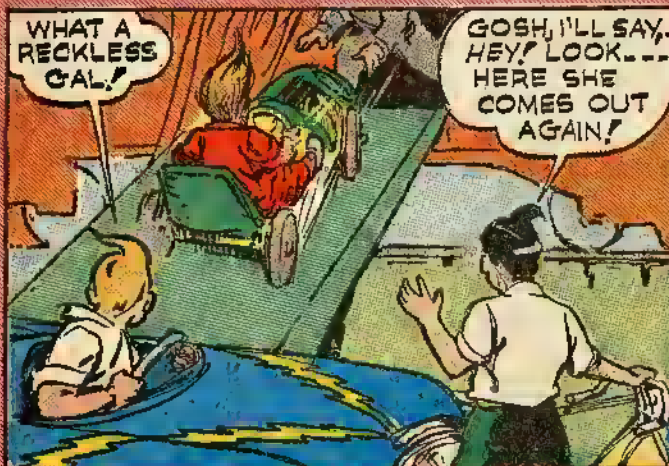
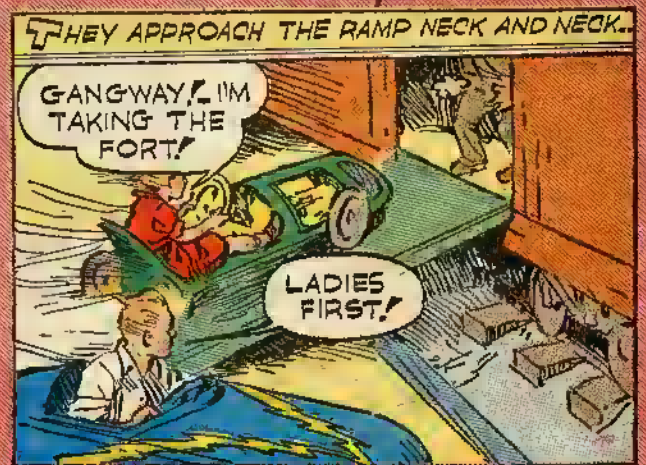
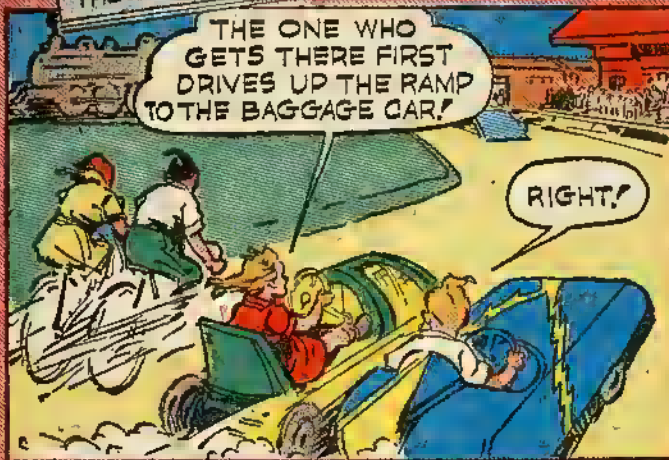
R.R. STATION

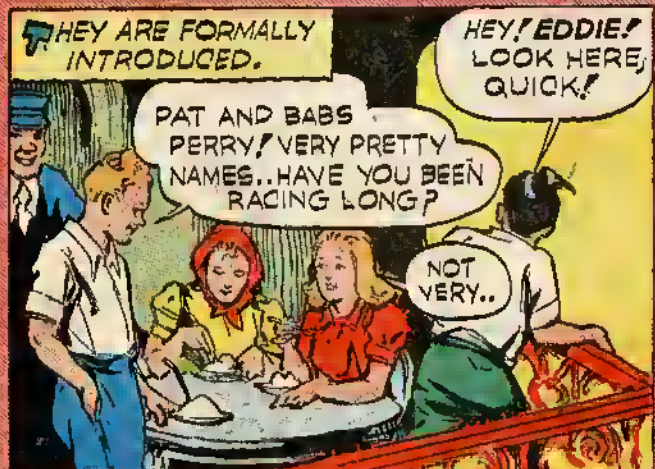
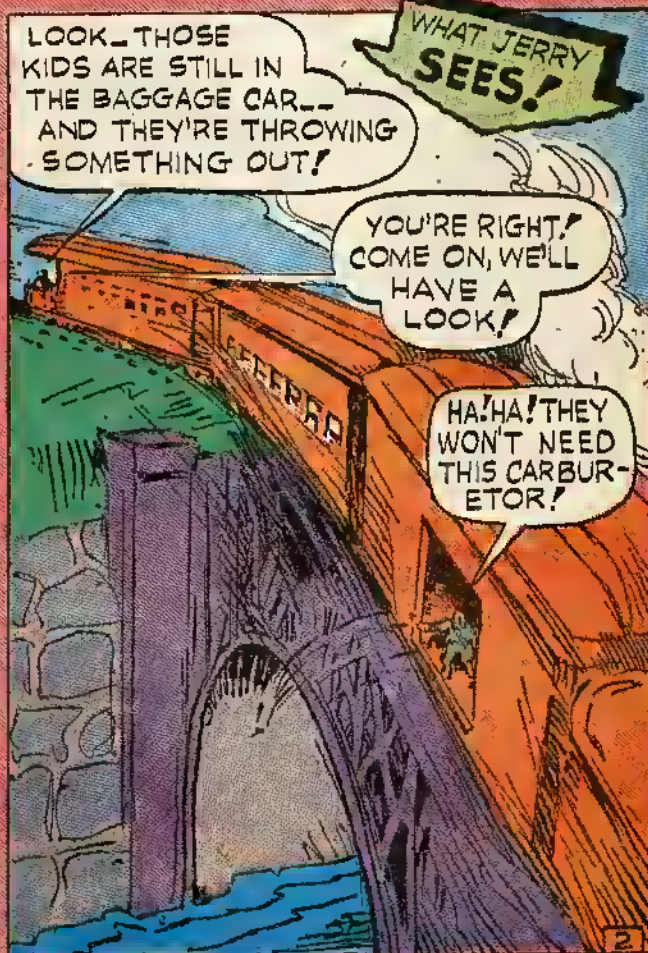
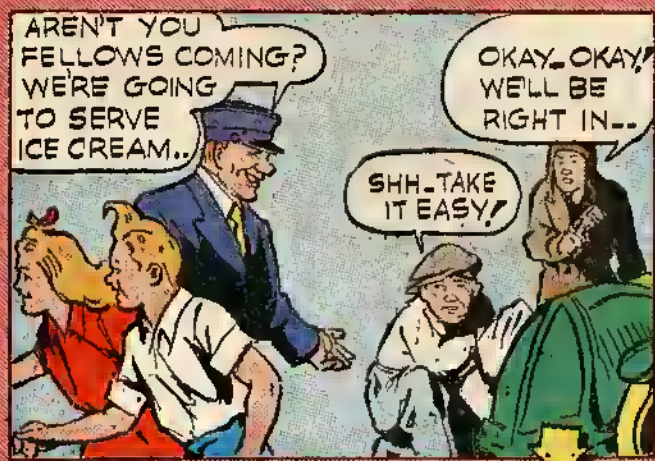
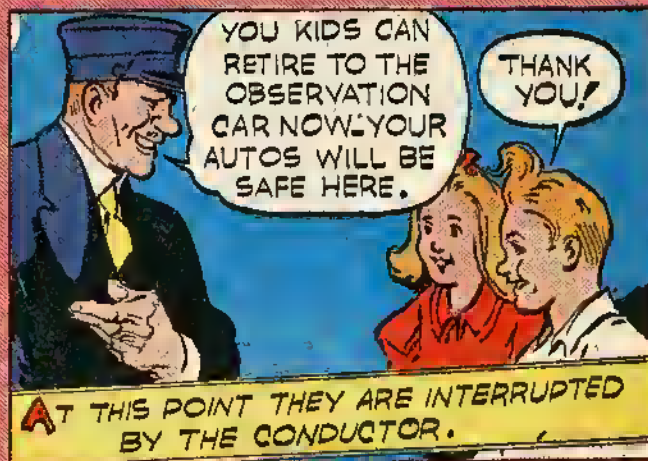
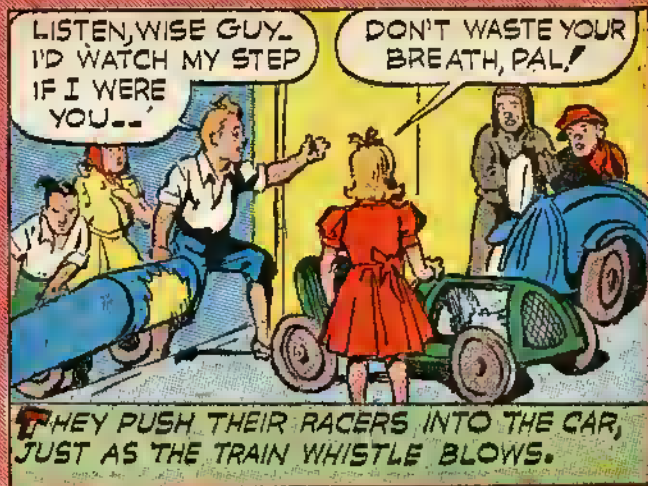
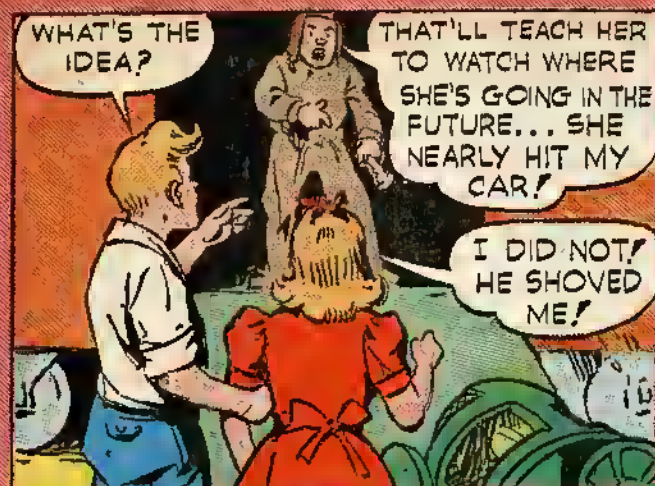
OKAY!
WATCH
MY DUST!

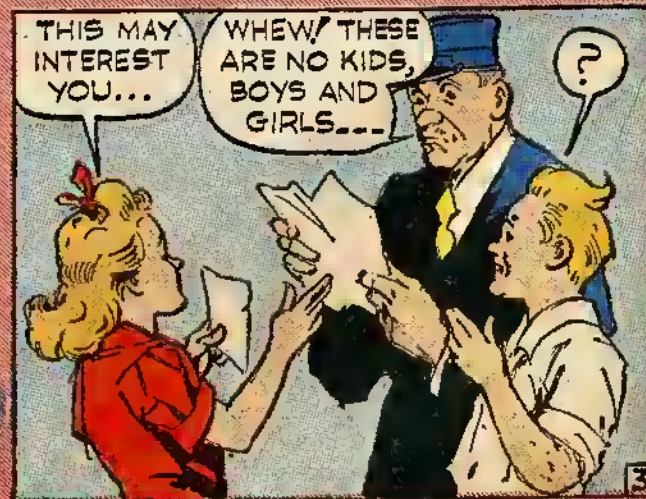
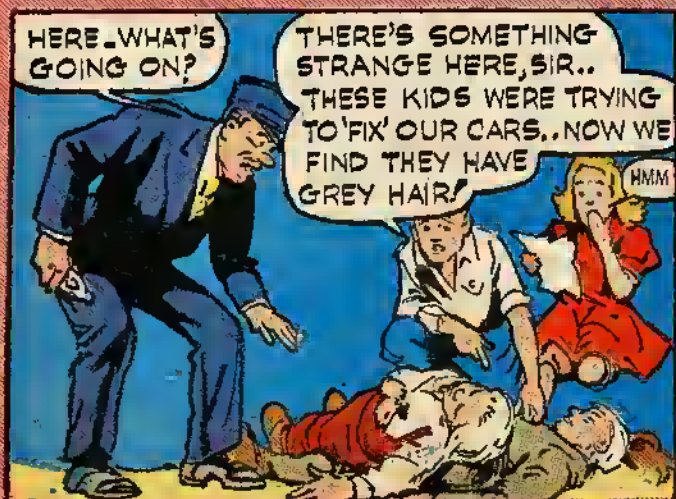
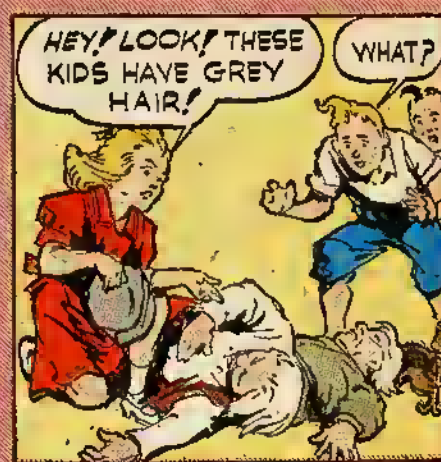
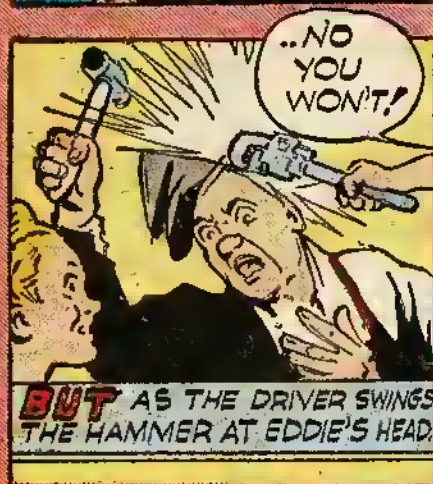
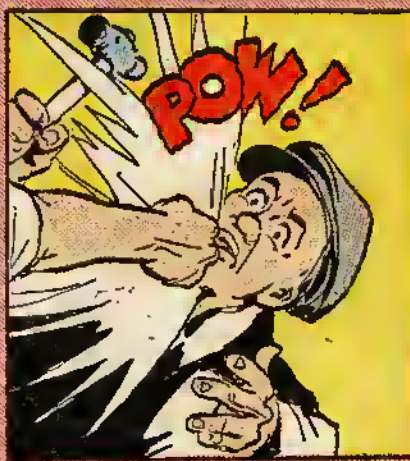
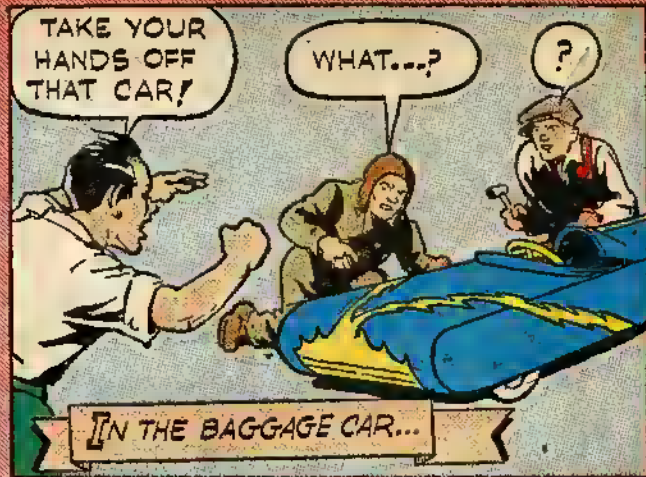
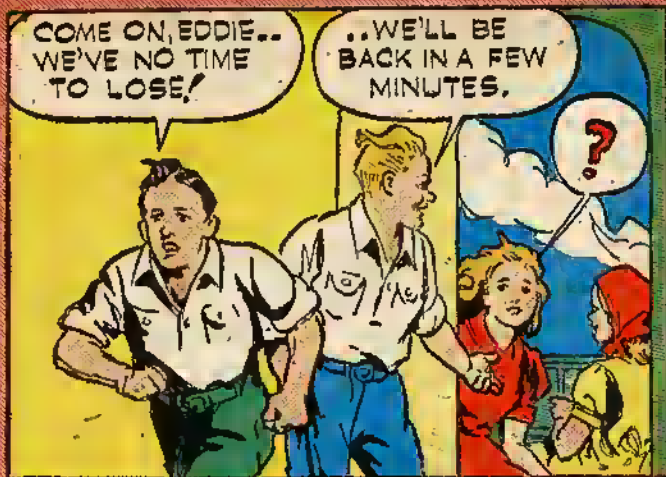
HOW ABOUT
A RACE TO THE
STATION?

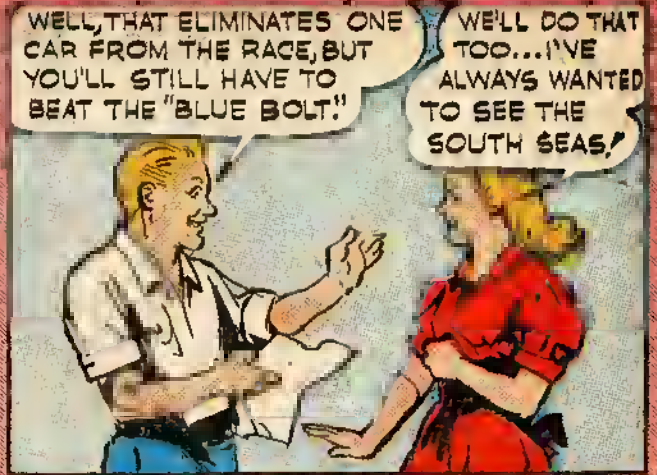
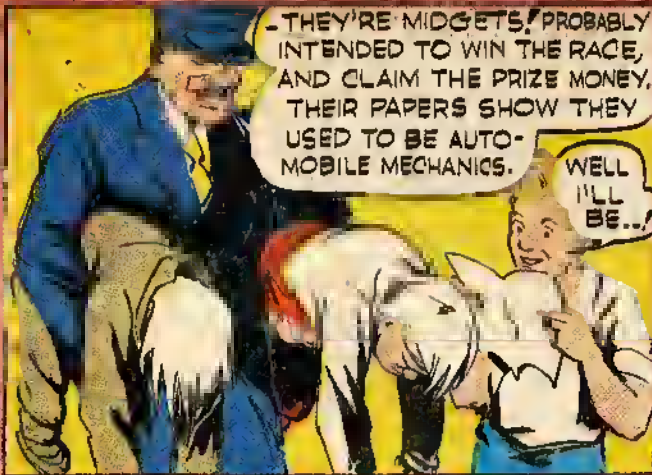
EDISON BELL AND HIS PAL JERRY HAVE WON, ALONG WITH TWO YOUNG LADIES, THE LOCAL MIDGET AUTO RACE. THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE RAILROAD STATION TO TAKE THE TRAIN TO THE CITY WHERE THE FINAL RACE WILL BE HELD. THE WINNERS GET ROUND TRIP TICKETS TO THE SOUTH SEAS WITH ALL EXPENSES PAID!

by
RAY GILL AND
HAROLD DELAY







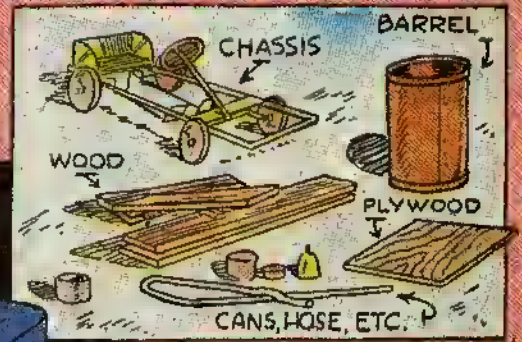


**EDISON
BELL**

SHOWS
HOW TO
MAKE
THIS
SWELL

LOCOMOTIVE!

ALL YOU NEED TO BUILD THE LOCOMOTIVE IS THE CHASSIS FROM AN OLD PEDAL-AUTO, AND A STRAIGHT SIDED BANANA BARREL FOR THE BOILER. THE FRAME IS MADE OF WHITE PINE, AND THE FRONT OF THE CAB OF PLYWOOD. ATTACH THE WOOD FRAME TO THE CHASSIS WITH BOLTS. THE FUNNEL IS MADE FROM A COFFEE CAN, WHILE THE HEADLIGHT IS MADE OUT OF AN OLD FISH CAN.

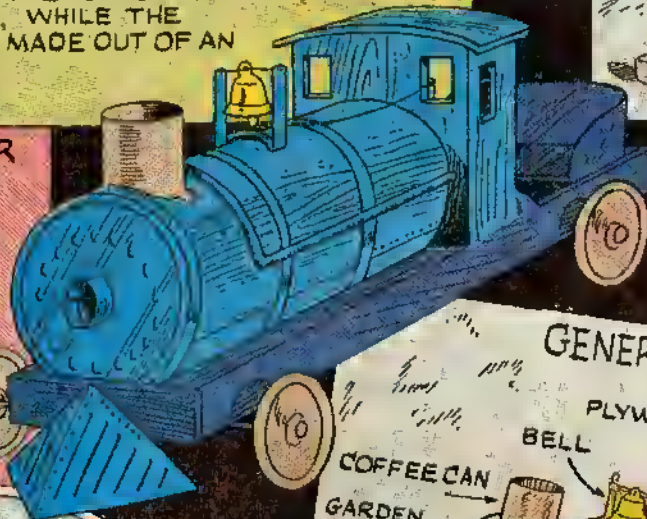


COW-CATCHER

...SIMPLY TWO PIECES OF PLYWOOD CUT AS SHOWN WITH LINES PAINTED ON.

FUNNEL

CUT COFFEE CAN AS SHOWN ABOVE.

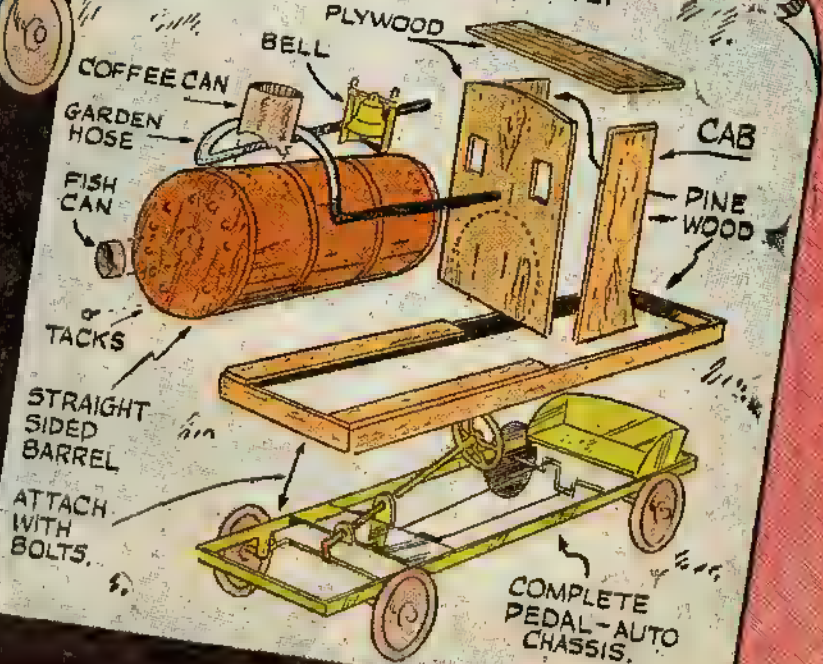


LOTS OF FUN ON DOWN HILL RUNS!

LOOK UP A STRING OF CARS, YOUR FRIENDS' WAGONS, AND HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE!

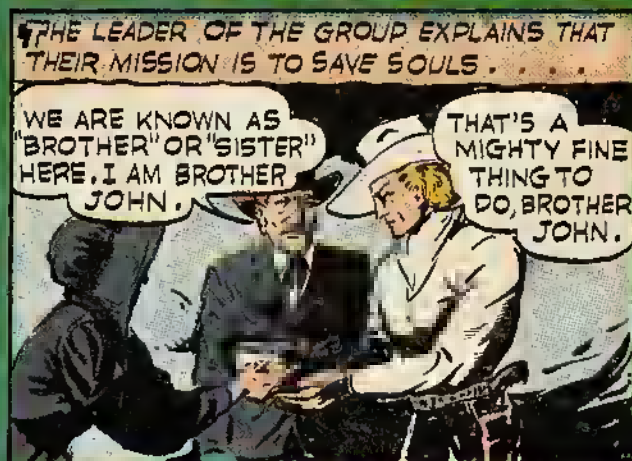
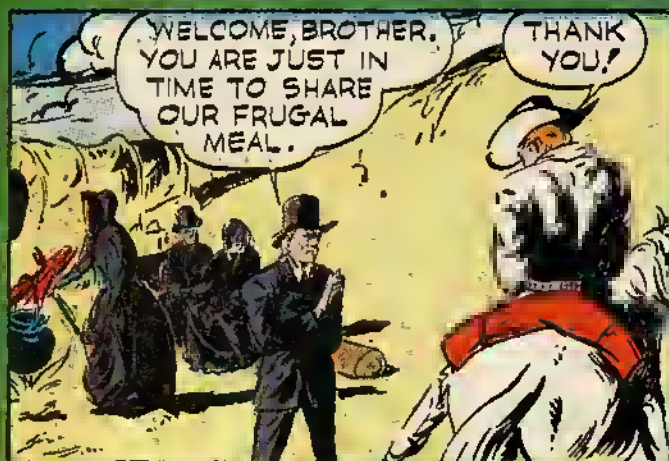
Pyll

GENERAL ASSEMBLY



The WHITE RIDER and SUPER HORSE

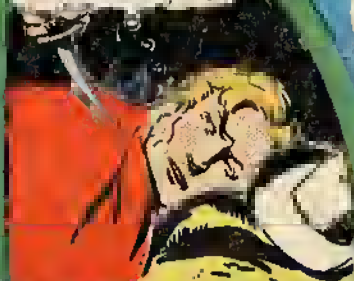
RAISED IN A STRANGE HIDDEN VALLEY WHERE THE FORCES OF GRAVITY GAVE THEM SUPERNATURAL STRENGTH, THE WHITE RIDER AND HIS COMPANION, SUPERHORSE, HUNT DOWN THOSE WHO PREY ON HONEST MEN. . . IN THE EARLY TWILIGHT, THEIR TRAIL LEADS THEM TO A MEAGER CAMP. FIRE, AROUND WHICH HUDDLE FOUR BLACK-ROBED FORMS.





BUT AS DARKNESS CLOAKS THE CAMP, DANGER HOVERS OVER THE SLEEPING RIDER!

WHAT TH-P
I'D BETTER
PRETEND I'M
STILL ASLEEP!



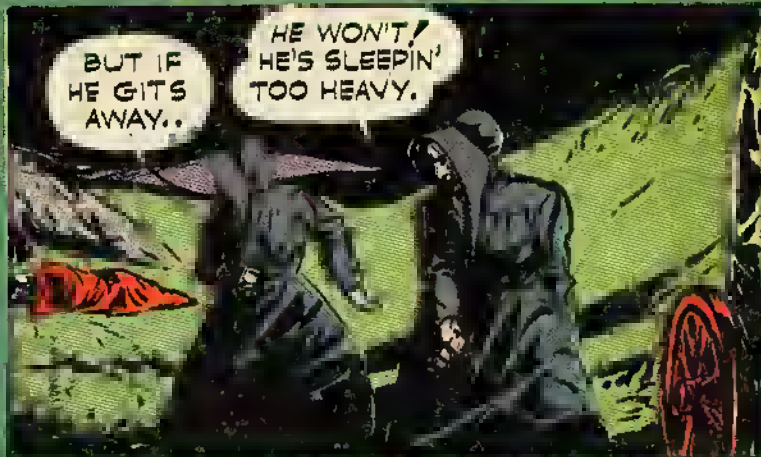
BUT HIS ALERT SENSES WARN HIM...

HIS GUN IS TAKEN, THE WOMEN WHISPER

HERE'S HIS GUN, TAKE
THE BULLETS OUT.
GOT THE BLANKS
READY?

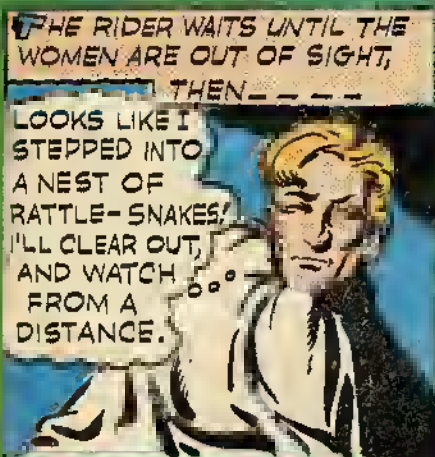


WAIT! DON'T KILL HIM
NOW! PETE SAID TUH
WAIT TILL MORNIN'!



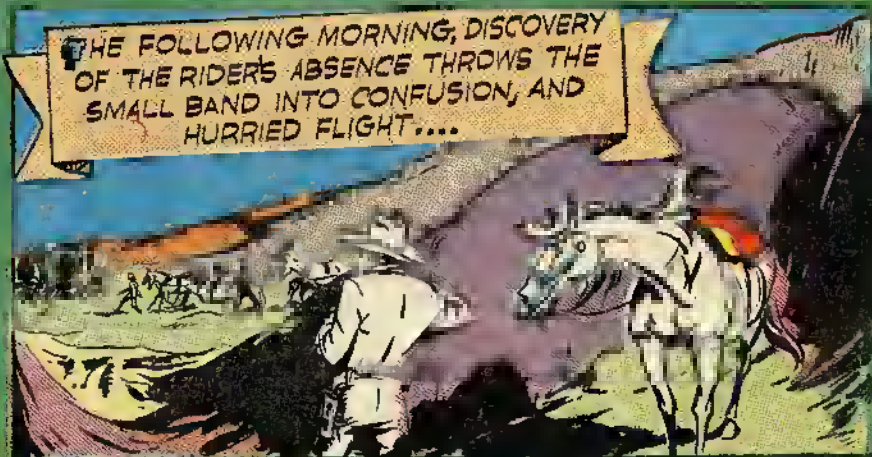
BUT IF
HE GETS
AWAY..

HE WON'T!
HE'S SLEEPIN'
TOO HEAVY.

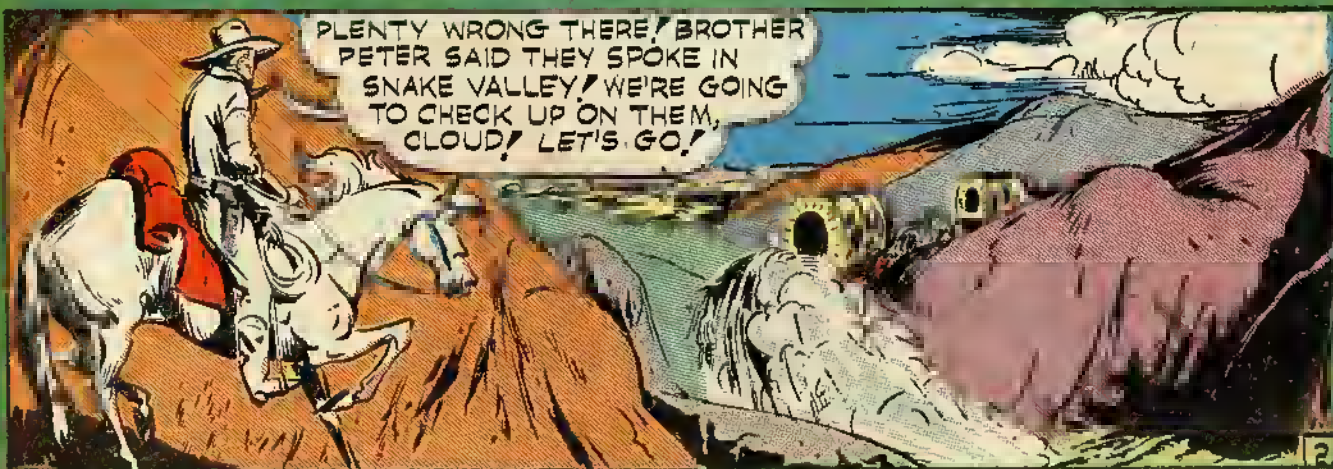


**THE RIDER WAITS UNTIL THE
WOMEN ARE OUT OF SIGHT,
THEN - - -**

LOOKS LIKE I
STEPPED INTO
A NEST OF
RATTLE-SNAKES!
I'LL CLEAR OUT,
AND WATCH
FROM A
DISTANCE.



**THE FOLLOWING MORNING, DISCOVERY
OF THE RIDER'S ABSENCE THROWS THE
SMALL BAND INTO CONFUSION, AND
HURRIED FLIGHT....**



PLENTY WRONG THERE, BROTHER
PETER SAID THEY SPOKE IN
SNAKE VALLEY! WE'RE GOING
TO CHECK UP ON THEM,
CLOUD! LET'S GO!

AT SNAKE VALLEY,
EXCITEMENT RUNS
RAMPANT.

HOW COULD THEY
DISAPPEAR
THAT WAY?

WE WAS OUT ALL
NIGHT, AN' NOT A
TRACE OF THEM
CROOKS.

WITH ALL OUR
BOOKS, AND
SPARE CLOTHING
IN THE WAGONS,
TOO!

YOUR WAGONS
WERE STOLEN?

YES! WHERE
BE THEY?

IF YOU
KNOW,
STRANGER,
LEAD US TO 'EM.

LAST I SAW, THEY
WERE HEADED FOR
PINON PASS.

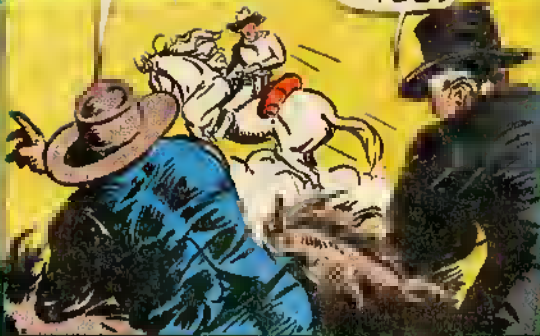
ON YER
HOSSES!
COME
ON!



THE WHITE RIDER AND SUPERHORSE LEAD THE POSSE
TOWARD PINON PASS, BUT THEIR SUPER-SPEED SOON
THREATENS TO OUTDISTANCE THE OTHERS. . . .

YOU GO AHEAD, STRANGER.
GIT THAR SOON
AS YOU CAN!

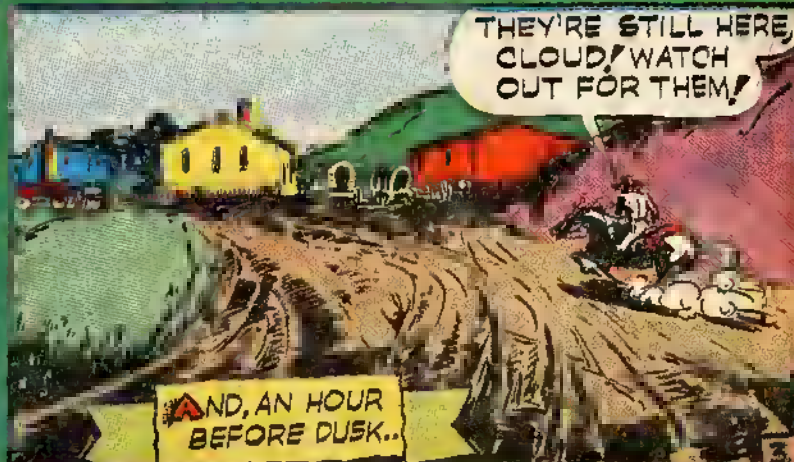
WARN THE
PEOPLE!
WE'LL FOLLOW
YOU.



AS THEY RIDE
AHEAD, CLOUD'S
DRUMMING HOOF'S
RAPIDLY EAT UP
THE MILES.



THEY'RE STILL HERE,
CLOUD! WATCH
OUT FOR THEM!



AND, AN HOUR
BEFORE DUSK..

THE RIDER ENTERS THE MEETING HOUSE

Y-YUH CAN'T GO
IN WITHOUT'N
CH-CHECKIN'
YOUR GUNS!

HERE YOU ARE!
I CAN TAKE
CARE OF SIDE-
WINDERS
WITHOUT
'EM!

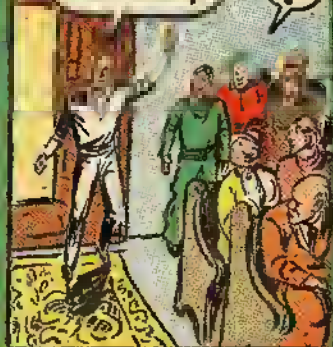


AND SEES ONE OF THE
IMPOSTERS RANTING...

LISTEN TUH ME,
BRETHERN!



WAIT! I'VE GOT SOME-
THING TO SAY
TO THESE
PEOPLE!



YOU!



I'LL FIX
HIM!

THESE MEN ARE CROOKS,
THE REAL EVANGELISTS
ARE IN SNAKE
VALLEY.



AS THE MAN DRAWS HIS GUN,
THE RIDER WHIRLS, AND...



THE OTHER FAKE EVANGELISTS HOLD THE
CONGREGATION AT BAY....

DON'T MOVE! WE
GOT YUH COVERED!



BUT THE RIDER HAS OTHER IDEAS!
TWO OF THE 'WOMEN' ARE UNMASKED IN THE
FIGHT...AND TURN OUT TO BE MEN!



FINALLY THE SHEER WEIGHT
OF NUMBERS OVERCOMES
THE RIDER...

HURRY, LET'S
TIE HIM
UP!



GIT WHAT YUH
CAN FROM THE
SUCKERS!



THROW YORE
MONEY IN MY
HAT, PRONTO!





LET'S MAKE TRACKS 'FORE THINGS GIT WORSE!

TRY TUH LEAVE, ANY OF YUH, AND YUH GIT SHOT!

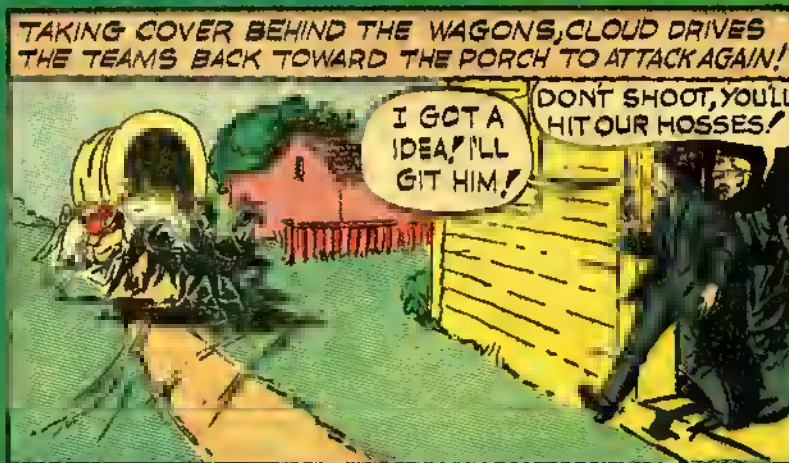


GIT BACK!

-THAT HOSS!



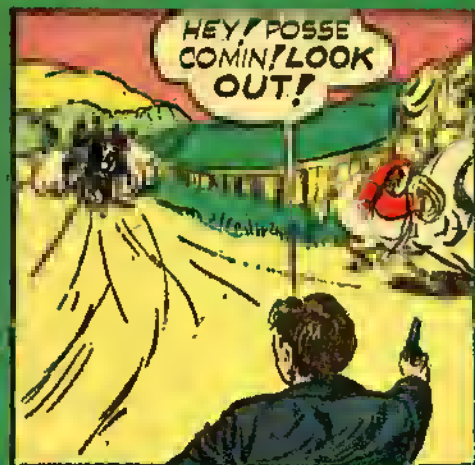
HE'S HEADIN' FOR THE WAGONS!



TAKING COVER BEHIND THE WAGONS, CLOUD DRIVES THE TEAMS BACK TOWARD THE PORCH TO ATTACK AGAIN!

I GOT A IDEA, I'LL GIT HIM!

DONT SHOOT, YOU'LL HIT OUR HOSSSES!



HEY! POSSE COMIN! LOOK OUT!



GET BACK INSIDE THE MEETING HOUSE. STAND 'EM OFF THERE!



BUT-

TAKE IT EASY!



TRAPPED!



SUDDENLY...

YUH WON'T GET ME! SHOOT..AN! YUH KILL THIS WOMAN!



BACKING TO THE WINDOW THE LEADER MAKES A BREAK.

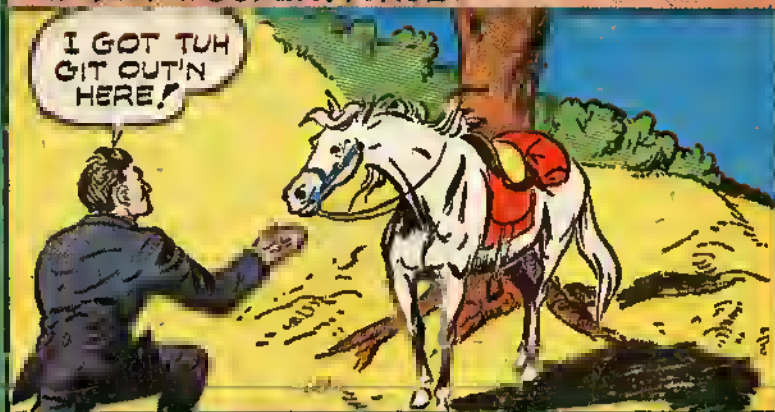
WE'LL GET HIM
OUTSIDE!
COME ON,
SHERIFF!

THE DIRTY,
ORNERY, LOW-
DOWN CAYUSE!



THE FRANTIC CROOK SEIZES THE FIRST HORSE
HE SEES - SUPERHORSE!

I GOT TUH
GIT OUT'N
HERE!



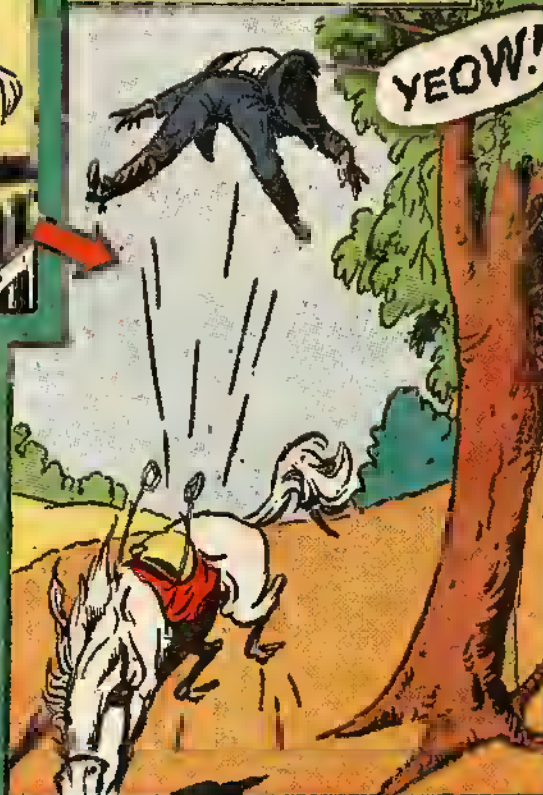
THE GREAT HORSE ALLOWS
THE STRANGER TO MOUNT.



THEN - ONCE ON HIS
BACK - - -



SUPERHORSE LEAPS WITH THE
STRENGTH AND FORCE
OF A STEEL SPRING...
THE MAN HURTLES INTO
THE AIR - - -



AND CRASHES TO THE
GROUND - UNCONSCIOUS!



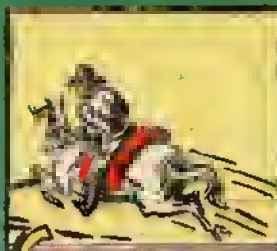
THE GREAT HORSE
DECIDES TO DELIVER
HIS CAPTIVE IN PERSON.



I WISH I HAD
THET HOSS O'
YOURN FER A
DEPUTY!

WELL DONE,
CLOUD!

WHAT A HORSE!
HE HAS MORE
SENSE THAN
MOST HUMANS!



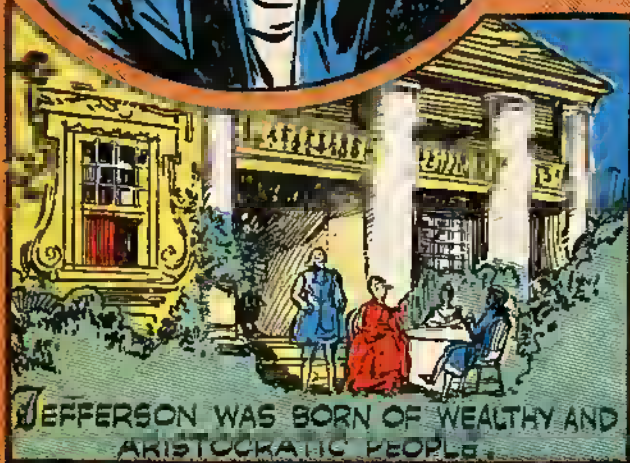
SUPERHORSE
ROARS INTO
ACTION AGAIN
NEXT MONTH IN
BLUE BOLT

OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TALES

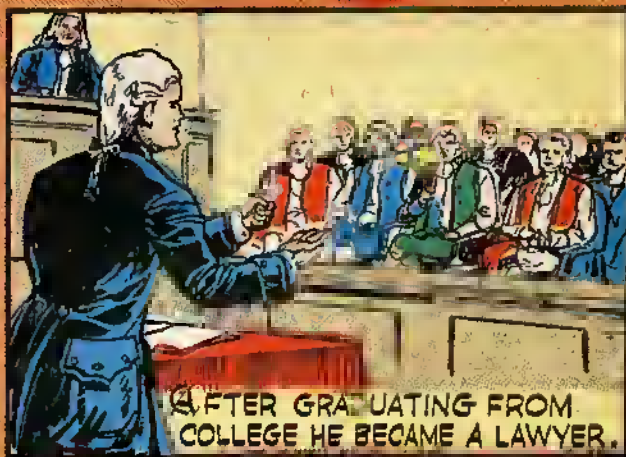
LITTLE JOEY LISTENS AS OLD CAP HAWKINS TELLS HIM STORIES OF AMERICA'S GREAT TRADITIONS, AND OF THE MEN WHO MADE THEM.

IN THE HOUR OF OUR NATION'S GREAT NEED, THOMAS JEFFERSON SAID ----

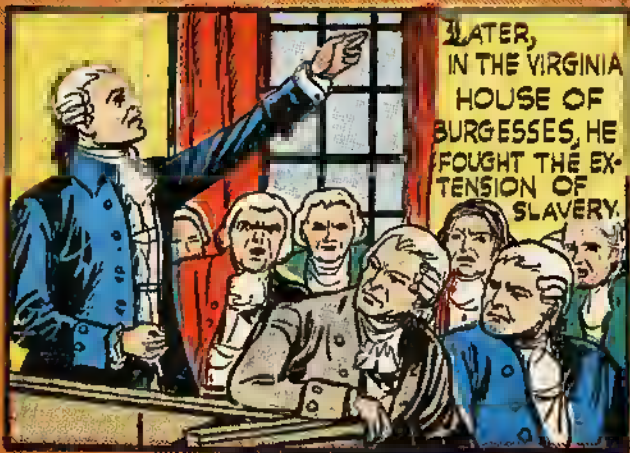
"THE TREE OF LIBERTY MUST, FROM TIME TO TIME, BE WATERED BY THE BLOOD OF PATRIOTS AND TYRANTS!"



JEFFERSON WAS BORN OF WEALTHY AND ARISTOCRATIC PEOPLE.



AFTER GRADUATING FROM COLLEGE HE BECAME A LAWYER.

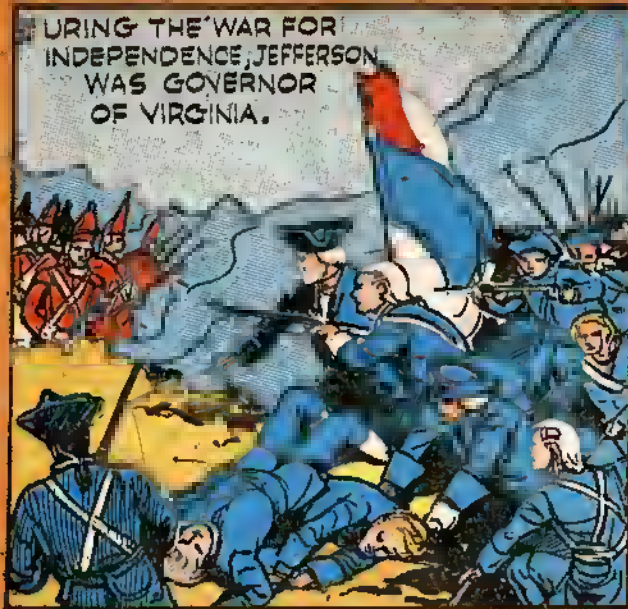


LATER, IN THE VIRGINIA HOUSE OF BURGESSSES, HE FOUGHT THE EXTENSION OF SLAVERY.

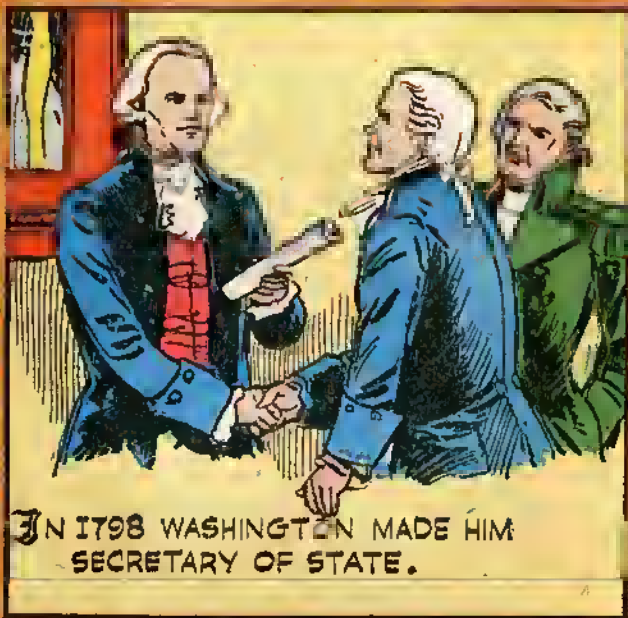


AS A DELEGATE TO THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, HE WROTE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

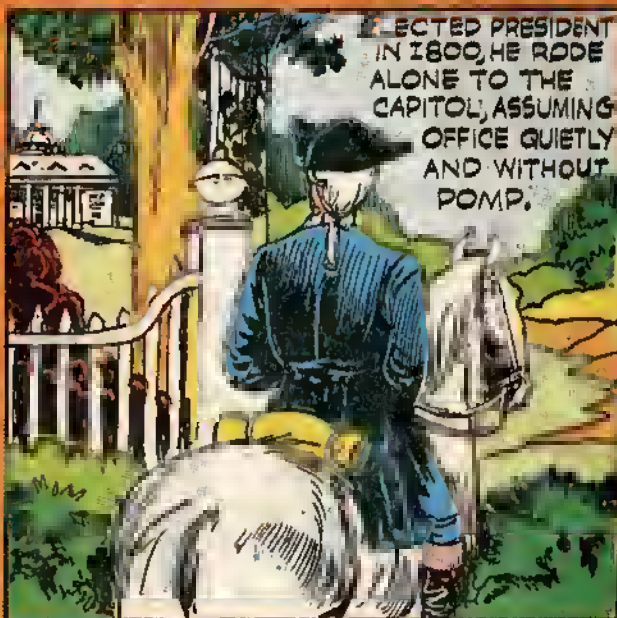
URING THE WAR FOR
INDEPENDENCE, JEFFERSON
WAS GOVERNOR
OF VIRGINIA.



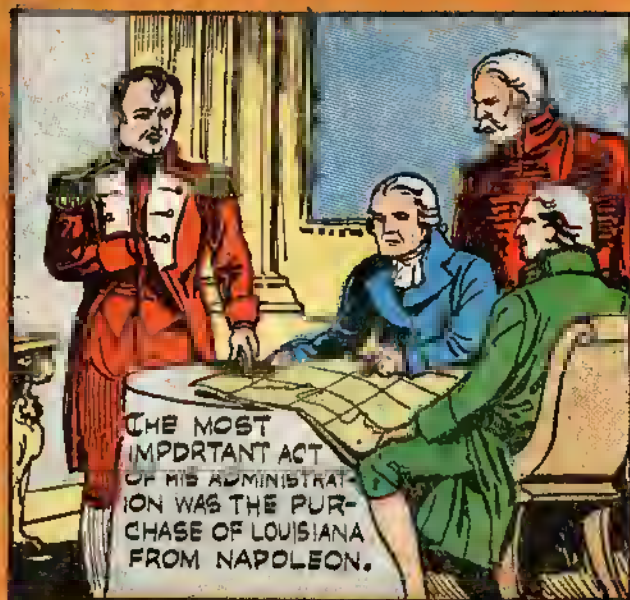
IN 1784 HE WAS SENT
TO FRANCE AS
AMERICAN MINISTER.



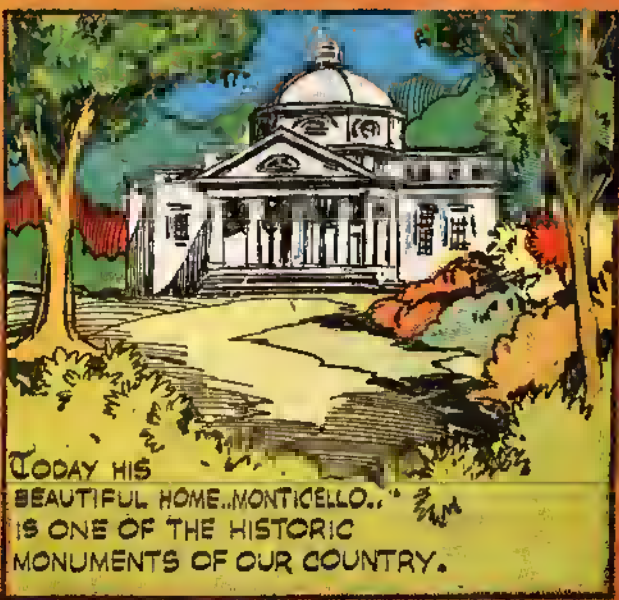
IN 1798 WASHINGTON MADE HIM
SECRETARY OF STATE.



ELECTED PRESIDENT
IN 1800, HE RODE
ALONE TO THE
CAPITOL, ASSUMING
OFFICE QUIETLY
AND WITHOUT
POMP.



THE MOST
IMPORANT ACT
OF HIS ADMINISTRATION
WAS THE PUR-
CHASE OF LOUISIANA
FROM NAPOLEON.



TODAY HIS
BEAUTIFUL HOME, MONTICELLO,
IS ONE OF THE HISTORIC
MONUMENTS OF OUR COUNTRY.

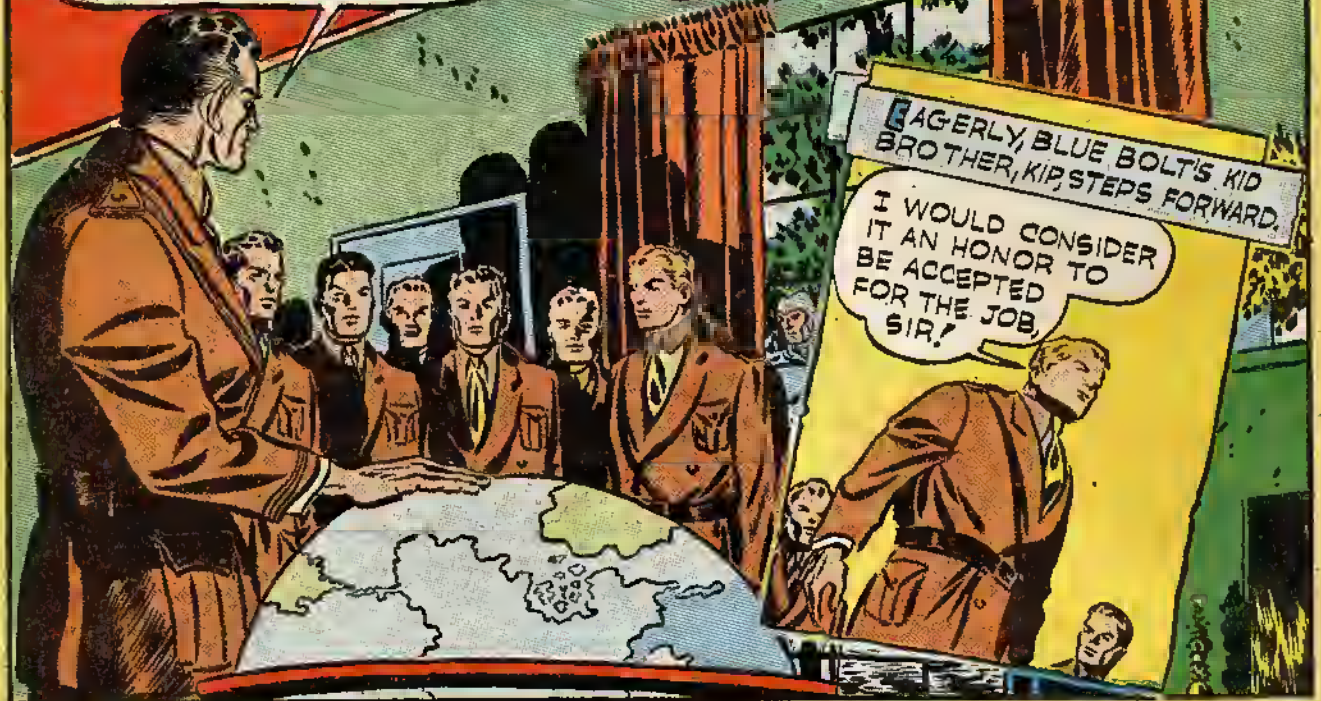
BLUE BOLT

THE OBJECTIVE IS AN OIL DUMP...VITAL TO INVASION TACTICS.THE OFFICER WILL HAVE TO PARACHUTE TO THE GROUND WITH HIS EXPLOSIVE. NOW.."

AN R.A.F. POST...SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND. THE POST COMMANDER IS ASKING FOR A VOLUNTEER TO CARRY OUT AN IMPORTANT LAND RAID ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

EAGERLY, BLUE BOLT'S KID BROTHER, KIP, STEPS FORWARD.

I WOULD CONSIDER IT AN HONOR TO BE ACCEPTED FOR THE JOB, SIR!



IT MAY MEAN YOUR LIFE, YOUNGSTER. AT BEST, CAPTURE!

I'LL CHANCE IT, SIR. IS THERE ANY METHOD OF RETURNING?



YES, YOU WILL BE DROPPED BY A PILOT, NEAR THE OBJECTIVE. IF YOU SUCCEED IN ESCAPING AFTER THE EXPLOSION, GO NORTH ONE KILOMETER, THEN WEST TO A DESERTED SPOT ON THE COAST, WHERE A BOAT WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU. IS THAT CLEAR?

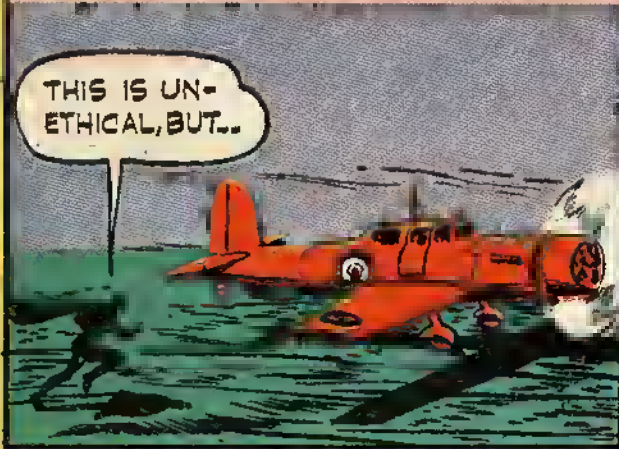


A SHORT TIME LATER, BLUE BOLT ANXIOUSLY WATCHES KIP PREPARING TO LEAVE ON HIS SUICIDAL MISSION.

LITTLE DEVIL! THIS IS BAD BUSINESS. I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO BE IN ON THIS!



AS THE PLANE TAKES OFF, BLUE BOLT RACES BESIDE IT IN THE SHADOWS.



THIS IS UN-ETHICAL, BUT...

AND AS THE PLANE LEAPS INTO THE AIR...



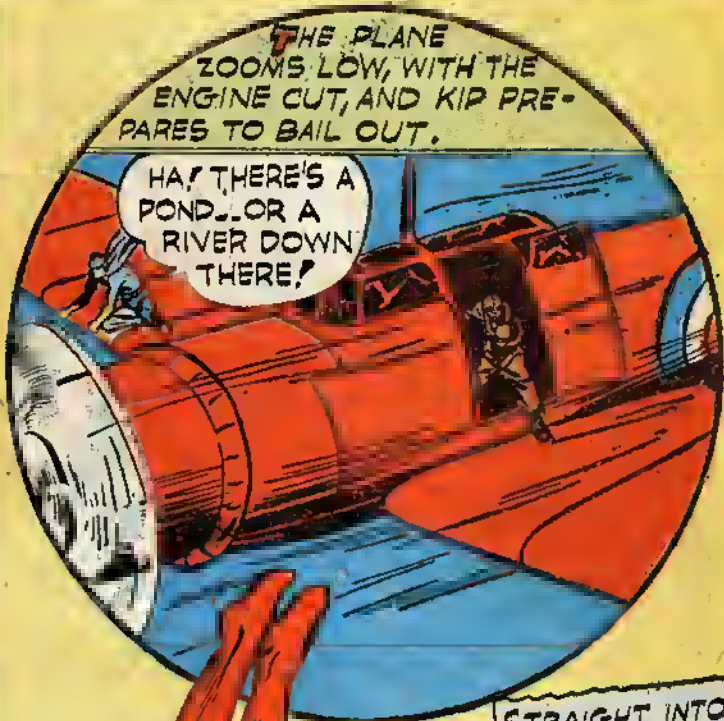
...TO HECK WITH ETHICS!

I'M ON OKAY, THE TRICK WILL BE TO GET OFF!



THE PLANE HEADS OUT OVER THE CHANNEL, AND SOON APPROACHES THE DARK ENEMY COAST.

THE PLANE ZOOMS LOW, WITH THE ENGINE CUT, AND KIP PREPARES TO BAIL OUT.



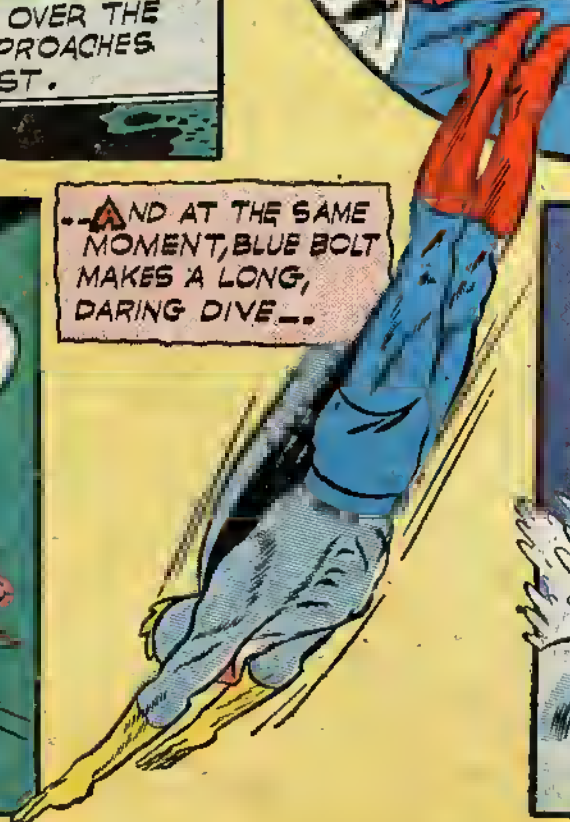
HA! THERE'S A POND...OR A RIVER DOWN THERE!

KIP LEAPS...

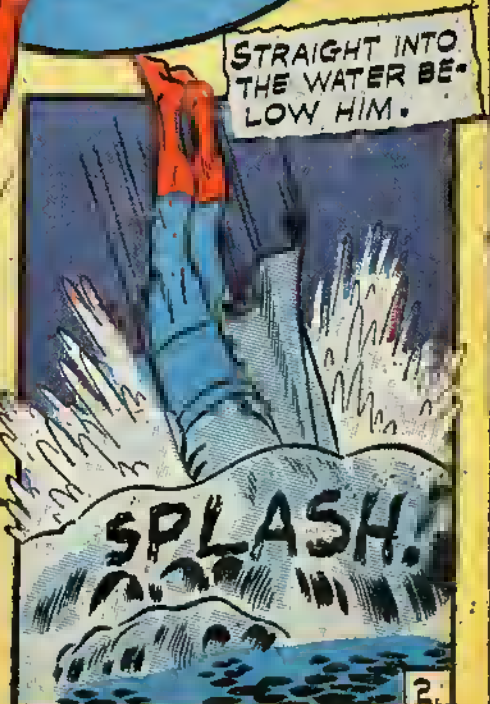


HERE GOES NOTHING!

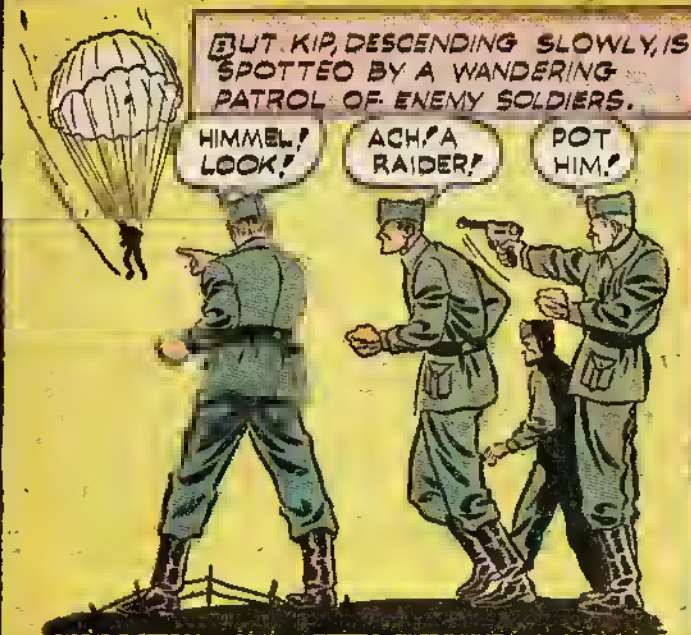
AND AT THE SAME MOMENT, BLUE BOLT MAKES A LONG, DARING DIVE...



STRAIGHT INTO THE WATER BELOW HIM.



SPLASH!



BUT KIP, DESCENDING SLOWLY, IS SPOTTED BY A WANDERING PATROL OF ENEMY SOLDIERS.

HIMMEL! LOOK!

ACH! A RAIDER!

POT HIM!



REACHING THE GROUND, KIP SHEDS HIS PARACHUTE.

WOW! A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!



THE PATROL CHARGES.

SPY DEVIL!

GET HIM!



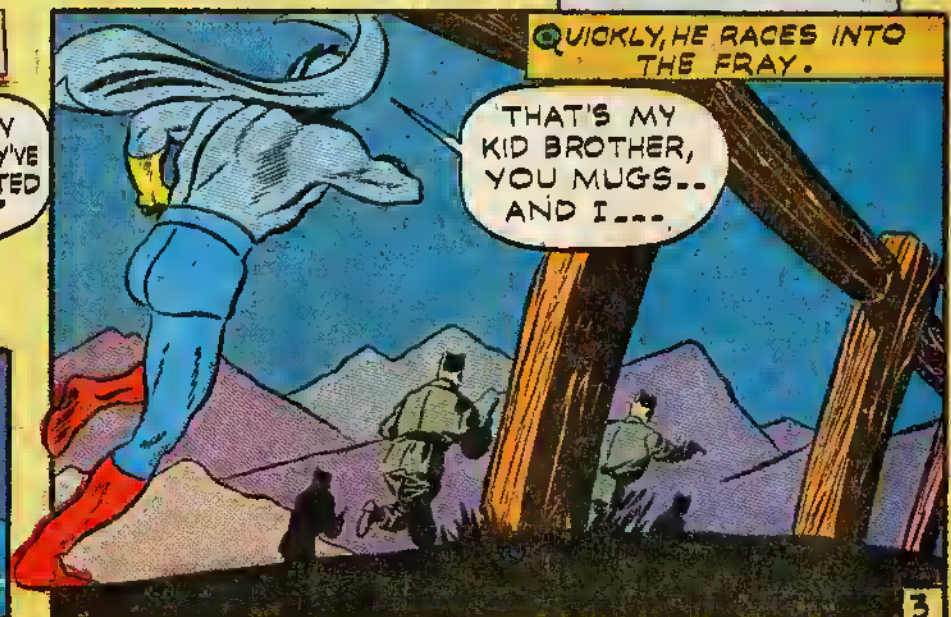
BOY! I HOPE ONE OF THEIR SLUGS DOESN'T HIT THIS T.N.T.

KIP ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE.



BLUE BOLT HEARS THE FIRING.

I KNEW IT! THEY'VE SPOTTED HIM!



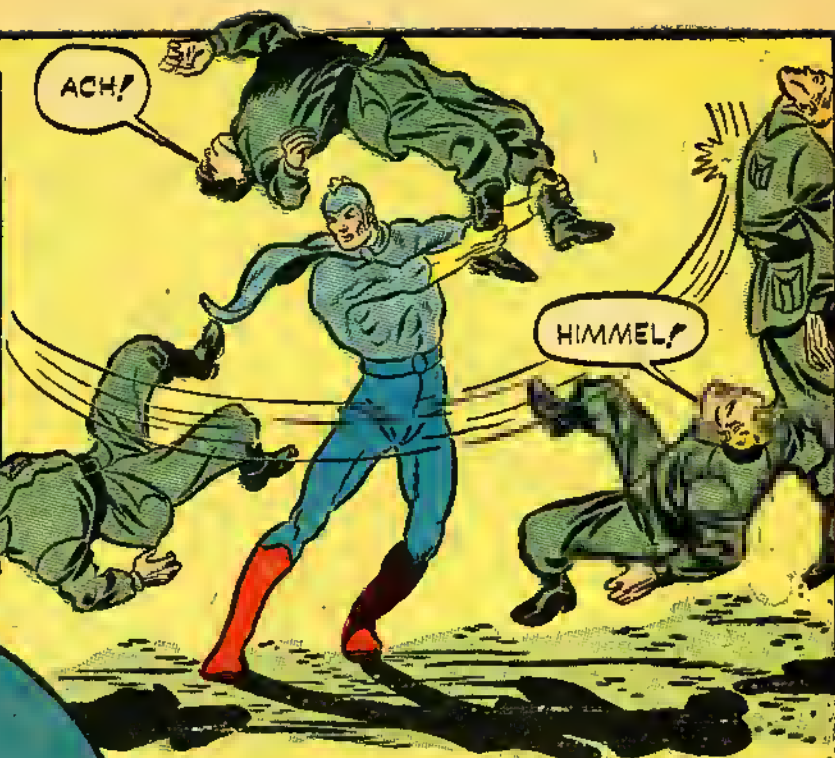
QUICKLY, HE RACES INTO THE FRAY.

THAT'S MY KID BROTHER, YOU MUGS... AND I...



...I DON'T WANT HIM KILLED!.

ACH!



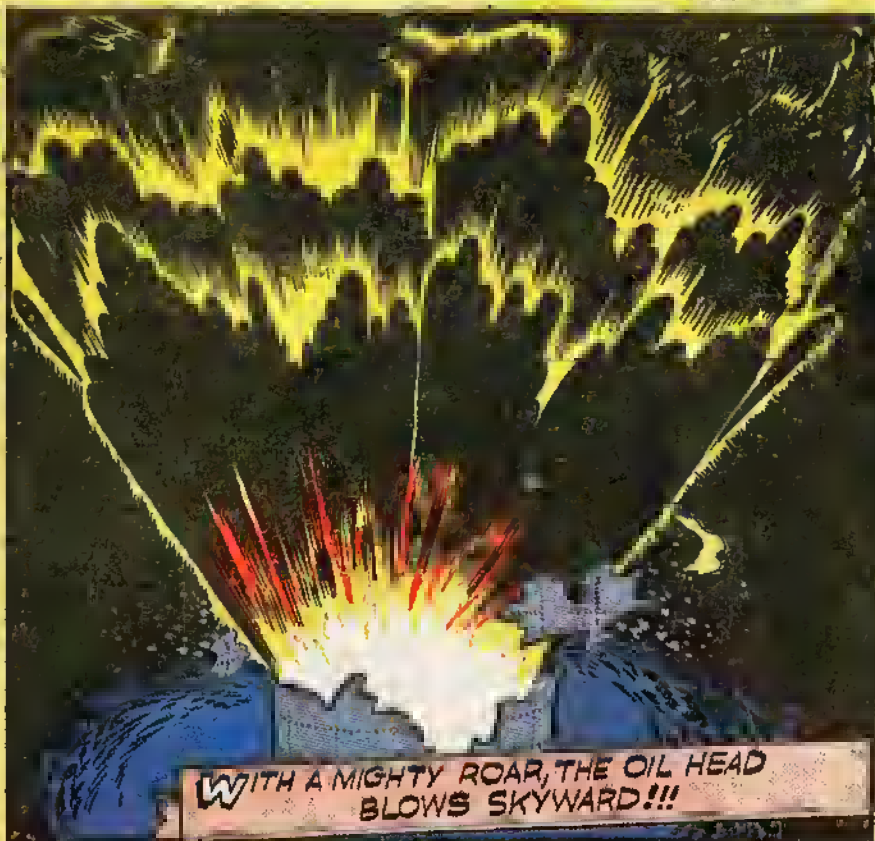
A FEW SECONDS LATER.....



ATTA BOY, BLUE BOLT!



THERE YOU ARE, BOYS!



WITH A MIGHTY ROAR, THE OIL HEAD BLOWS SKYWARD!!!

THE CONCUSSION KNOCKS BLUE BOLT AND KIP FLYING!



AMAZED, STUNNED, THE NEARBY GARRISON POURS FROM THE BARRACKS....



RECOVERING, KIP AND BLUE BOLT START THEIR ESCAPE.

DID IT?

RIGHT! NOW, TO GET OUT OF HERE!



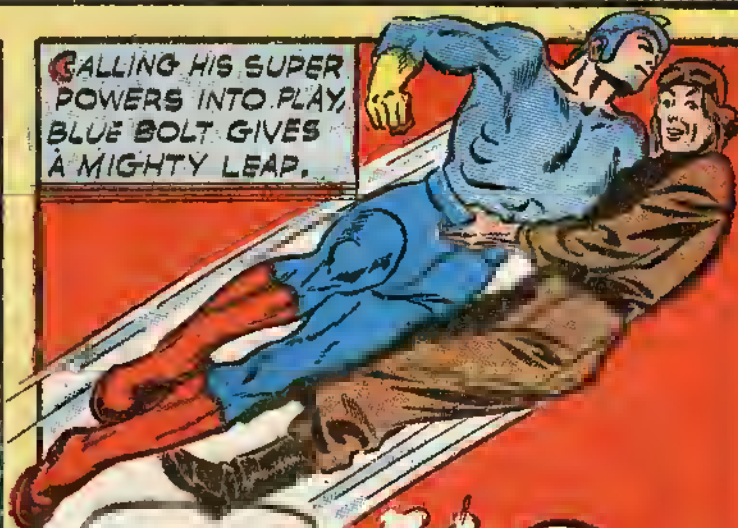
BUT SUDDENLY, THEY FIND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED.

GIVE ME YOUR ARM, QUICK!

HUH? NOT SO GOOD!



CALLING HIS SUPER POWERS INTO PLAY, BLUE BOLT GIVES A MIGHTY LEAP.



THE DEVILS!

KILL 'EM!

ACH!



BLUE BOLT'S QUICK MOVE GETS THEM INTO THE CLEAR.

WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

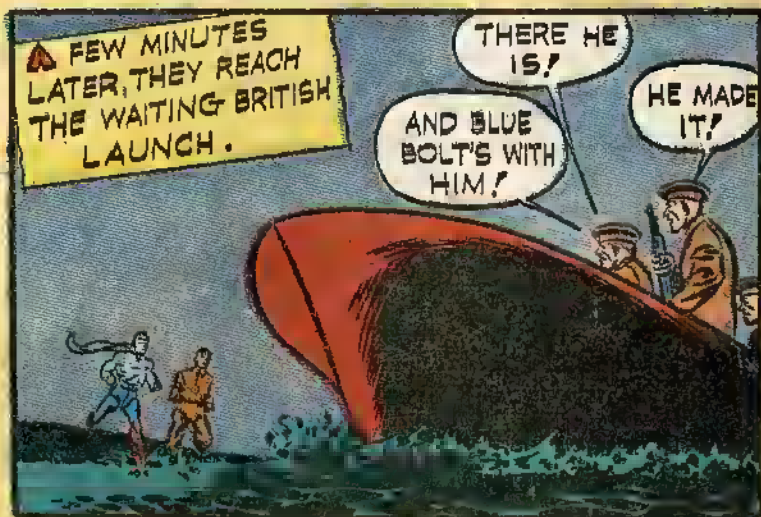


A FEW MINUTES LATER, THEY REACH THE WAITING BRITISH LAUNCH.

THERE HE IS!

AND BLUE BOLT'S WITH HIM!

HE MADE IT!



QUICKLY, THE LAUNCH SHOOTS OUT INTO THE CHANNEL...

WE NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU ALIVE!



AND A SHORT TIME LATER, THEY LAND IN GOOD OLD ENGLAND.

HURRAY! WELCOME HOME!

THANKS TO THIS MAN, BLUE BOLT! HEY... WHERE'D HE GO?

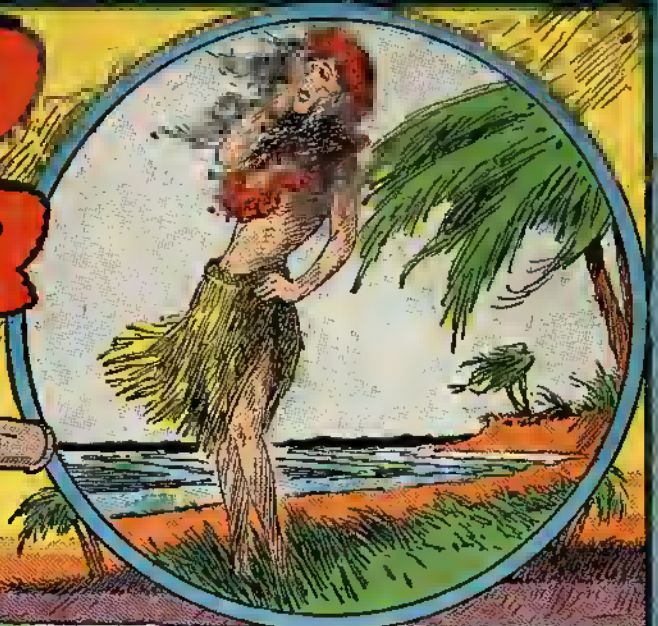


YES, HE'S GONE... AS THE BOAT NEARED SHORE, BLUE BOLT SLIPPED MODESTLY AWAY... BUT HE'LL BE BACK AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **BLUE BOLT**

KRISKO and JASPER

YOU TAKE A LOOK
AND TELL ME IF YOU
SEE WHAT I SAW
GULP!

HUH?



(by) JACIL A.
WARREN

HEY, YOU! COME BACK HERE! OMIGOSH!
NO ONE IS GOING
ASHORE BUT
THE FIRST
MATE!

YES-BUT
CAPTAIN, SIR.
I-I...

AND SHE'S SUCH
A PERTY GAL.



HA-HA! THE FOOLS LET ME
GO ASHORE ALONE! LITTLE
DOES THE SKIPPER KNOW
WHAT'S ON THIS ISLAND.
I TOLD HIM I KNEW THE CHIEF
...WELL, THAT'S TH' TRUTH
I DO.



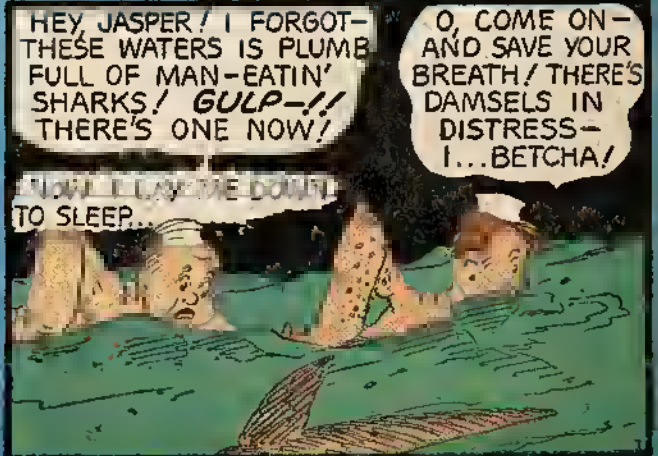
I TELL YOU WE'VE
GOTTA GET ASHORE
ON ACCOUNT OF
BECAUSE WE IS
SMART FELLERS..
AND THERE'S TROUBLE
BEING HATCHED!

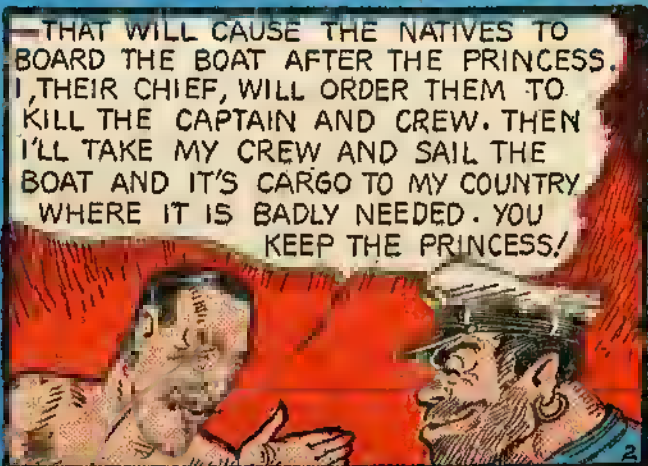
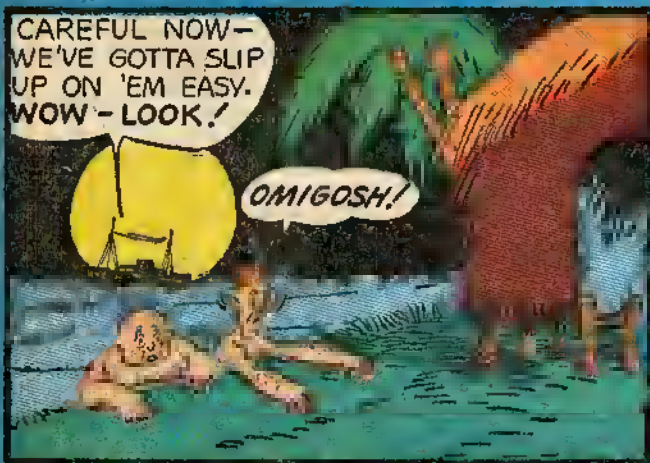
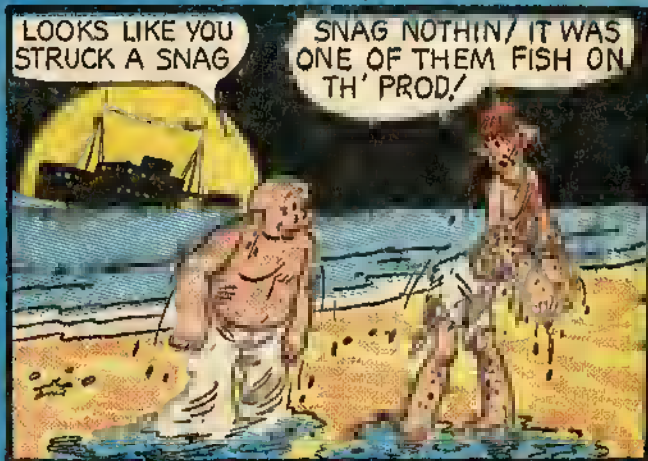
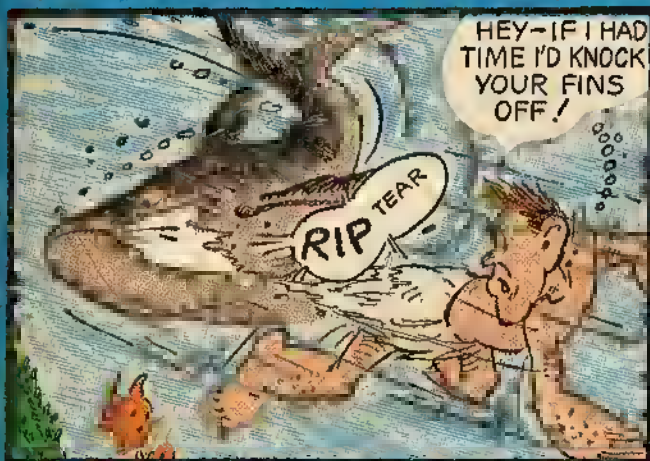
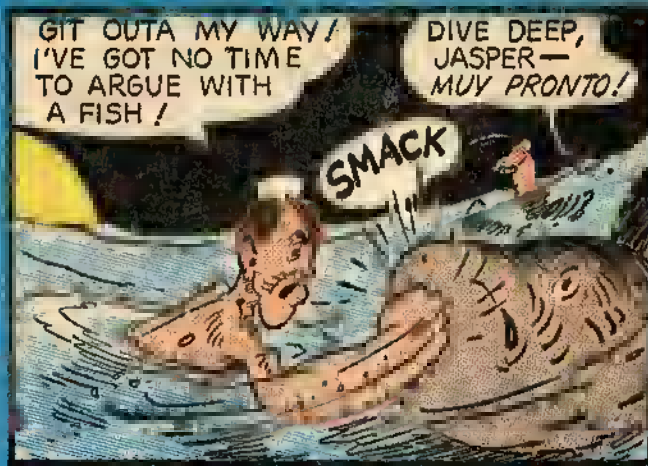
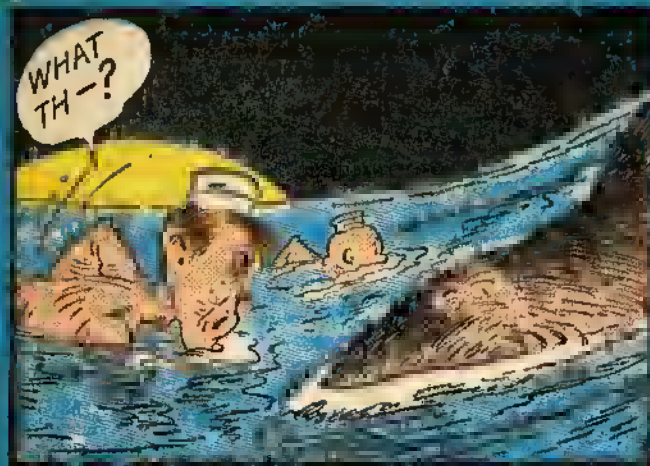
WELL / WHAT
ARE WE WAITIN'
FOR? COME ON-
LET'S GO, WE CAN
SWIM!



HEY, JASPER! I FORGOT-
THESE WATERS IS PLUMB
FULL OF MAN-EATIN'
SHARKS! GULP-!!
THERE'S ONE NOW!

O, COME ON-
AND SAVE YOUR
BREATH! THERE'S
DAMSELS IN
DISTRESS-
I... BETCHA!





WE'VE GOTTA GET BACK
TO THE BOAT AND
TELL THE CAPTAIN
HE'S ABOUT TO BE
DRY GULCHED!

CRACK

YEAH, AND
THEY'RE
GOIN' ON
TH' PROD-
PRONTO!

CRACK

GRAB THE PRINCESS AND RUN
FOR YOUR BOAT! I'LL TAKE
CARE OF THESE SPIES!

COME ON,
SISTER!

EEK!

SCRUNCH

THAT WAS A LUCKY BREAK
FOR ME! HERE I GET THE
PRINCESS, AND THOSE
TWO WILL GET KILLED!

HELP!

O-O-O, JASPER, WE IS IN ONE MIGHTY
DESPERT SPOT! GET READY TO HAND OUT
YOUR MITTS PLUMB PERMISKUS!

THEY STOLE THE
PRINCESS - GO
GET THEM!

IF I EVER GET OUT OF
THIS, HALF ALIVE, I'LL
GO BACK TO
PUNCHIN'
CATTLE
FOR LIFE!

CUT HIM DOWN!
KILL THEM BOTH!
THEY STOLE YOUR
PRINCESS!

YIP-EE! I AIN'T HAD
SO MUCH FUN SINCE
KRISKO HAD TH' MEASLES

25-26-30...HEY-KRISKO!
THERE'S ONE MISSIN'—!

NEVER MIND THAT
ONE—HE'S NOW
ACCOUNTED FOR!

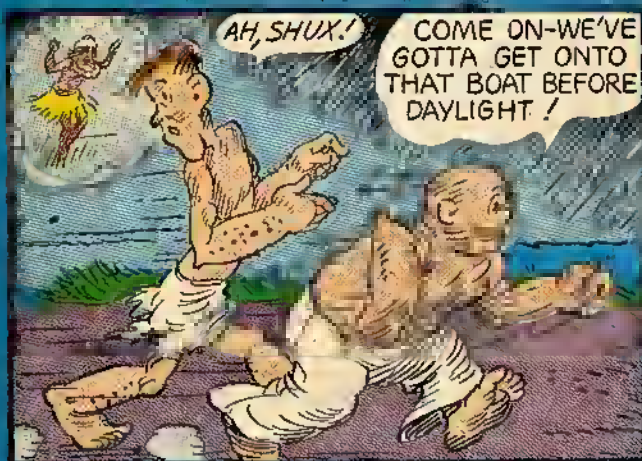
GOSH...I WONDER WHERE
THAT PERTY LITTLE
WHITE FEMALE
VAMOOSSED TO?

POW



AH, SHUX!

COME ON—WE'VE
GOTTA GET ONTO
THAT BOAT BEFORE
DAYLIGHT!



SO YOU'RE GOIN' TO GET LOCO OVER
A LOTTA BROWN MAIDENS, EH? WELL—
WE'D BETTER
MOVE—AND
MOVE FAST,
OR ELSE....

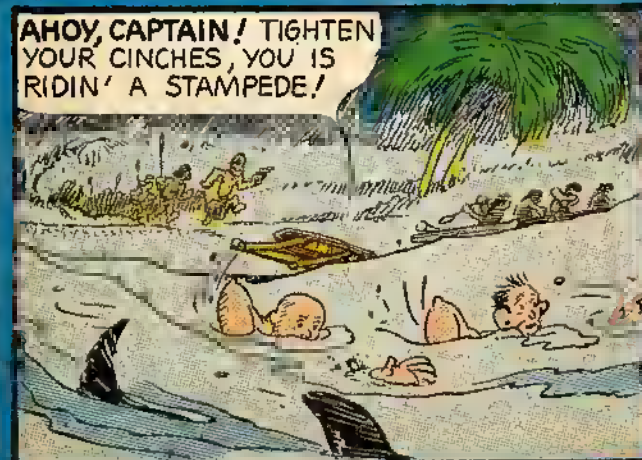
TEE-HEE! HER-HEE!



HEY, KRISKO!..COME ON!
WE IS LEAVIN'
HERE, MUY
PRONTO!

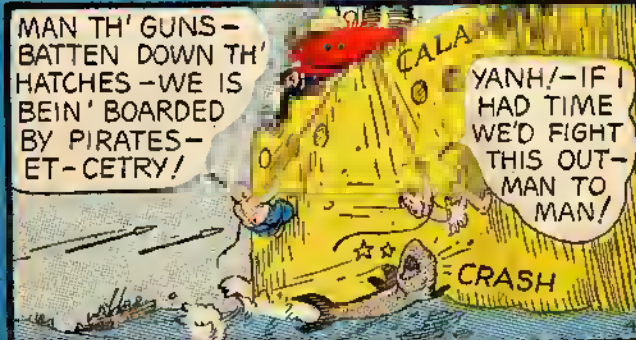


AHOY, CAPTAIN! TIGHTEN
YOUR CINCHES, YOU IS
RIDIN' A STAMPEDE!



MAN TH' GUNS—
BATTEN DOWN TH'
HATCHES—WE IS
BEIN' BOARDED
BY PIRATES—
ET-CETRY!

YANH!—IF I
HAD TIME
WE'D FIGHT
THIS OUT-
MAN TO
MAN!



CAPTAIN, YOU ARE GOING TO GET A BIG
SURPRISE—IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF **BLUE BOLT**



THROUGH PHANTOM CHANNELS, SERGEANT SPOOK HAS RECEIVED A NEWSPAPER FROM THE MORTAL WORLD...

WHAT IS THIS ABOUT A GHOST CROOK IN THE MORTAL WORLD? HARD TO SAY! ALL THE CRIMINALS IN GHOST TOWN ARE ACCOUNTED FOR! THERE'S SOMETHING SINISTER ABOUT THIS!



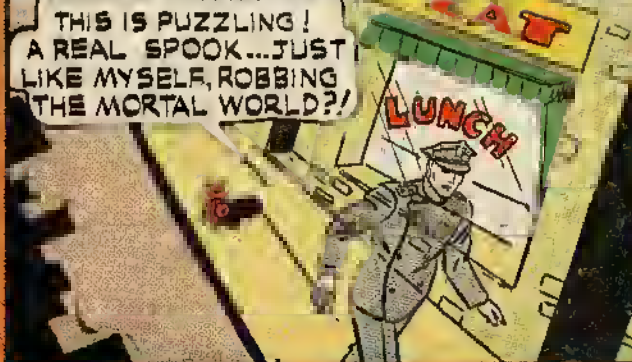
I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE THIS RIGHT AWAY!

GOOD LUCK, SERGEANT! I'D GO WITH YOU, ONLY I HAVE A SPECIAL DUTY HERE!



SO, ONCE AGAIN SERGEANT SPOOK ENTERS THE MORTAL WORLD IN SEARCH OF A CLEVER CRIMINAL...

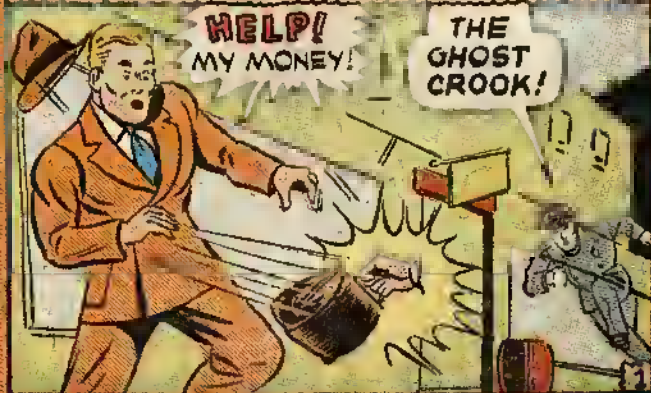
THIS IS PUZZLING! A REAL SPOOK... JUST LIKE MYSELF, ROBBING THE MORTAL WORLD?!



Suddenly... AN EERIE SPECTACLE PRESENTS ITSELF TO SERGEANT SPOOK!

HELP! MY MONEY!

THE GHOST CROOK!





IF IT WERE A TRUE GHOST LIKE MYSELF I WOULD BE ABLE TO SEE HIM... IT MUST BE A TRICK!

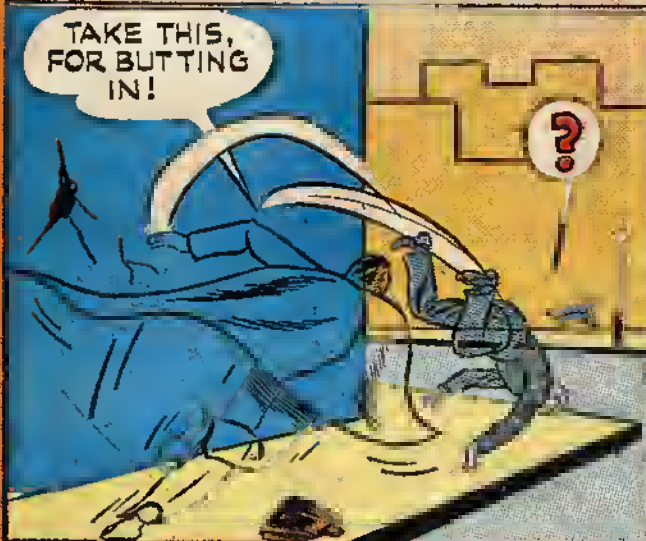
EEEE
LEMMIE
OUTTA
HERE!



I GOT YOU... JUST AS I THOUGHT... REAL FLESH AND BLOOD!

WHAT TH'?

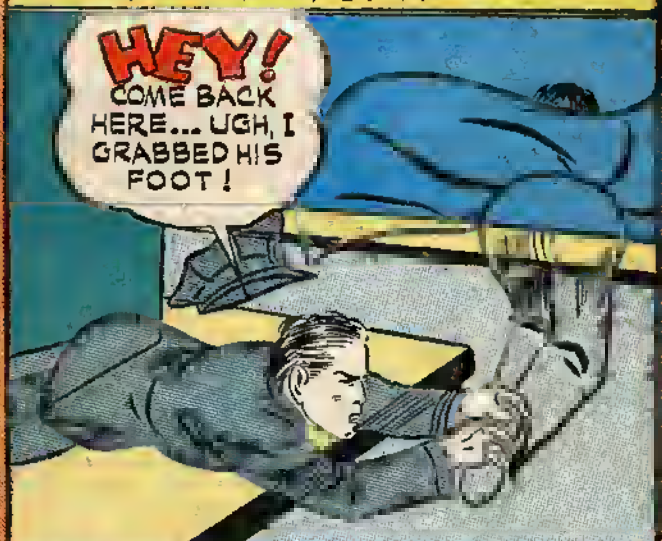
THE "SPIRIT CRIMINAL" FLINGS SERGEANT SPOOK OVER HIS SHOULDER!



TAKE THIS, FOR BUTTING IN!

?

THE INVISIBLE CRIMINAL TEARS AWAY FROM THE GHOST COP...



HEY!
COME BACK
HERE... UGH, I
GRABBED HIS
FOOT!



IT FEELS LIKE A SHOE! IT'S MATERIALIZING!



HMM.. IT'S THE TYPE OF SOFT PATENT LEATHER SHOE WORN WITH A FULL DRESS SUIT!

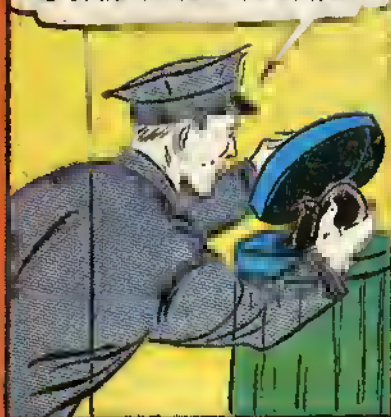
THE VISIBLE SHOE, HELD BY THE INVISIBLE SERGEANT, TERRORIZES THE PEOPLE!



EEK!
I'M GOING TO FAINT!

OH! I KEEP FORGETTING THAT I CAN'T BE SEEN BY THESE MORTALS!

THERE...I CAN'T GO ABOUT FRIGHTENING THESE POOR MORTALS! THAT SHOE HAS GIVEN ME AN IMPORTANT CLUE...NOW I'LL HAVE TO DO A LITTLE 'SLEUTHING', AS DR. SHERLOCK SAYS!

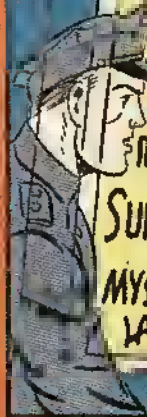


LATER THAT NIGHT, THE SERGEANT IS STILL ON DUTY. HE STOPS BY A LARGE THEATRE AS MANY CELEBRITIES ENTER... THERE MUST BE QUITE AN ATTRACTION THERE...



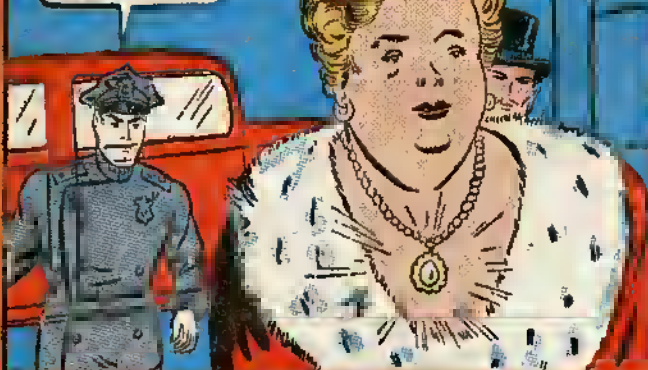
HMM-SUEZ! SUPER SPIRITUALIST, AND MAGICIAN!

HIT THEATRE introduces to AMERICA **SUEZ** MASTER MAGICIAN and SUPER SPIRITUALIST from the MYSTERY SHROUDED LAND OF INDIA!



TURNING AWAY FROM THE FLASHY POSTER, SERGEANT SPOOK NOTICES MRS. LYDIA GOTTROX WITH A GLITTERING PEARL DANGLING FROM HER NECK.

SAY, THAT'S THE FAMED 'KIAM' PEARL, WORTH \$250,000!



MRS. GOTTROX CERTAINLY WON'T MIND AN UNSEEN BODYGUARD! THAT PILL IS TEMPTING!



LATER...

SUEZ HAS JUST FINISHED HIS FEATS OF MAGIC AND MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT...

...AND NOW, MY DEAR AUDIENCE, I WILL ATTEMPT TO CONTACT THE SPIRIT WORLD!

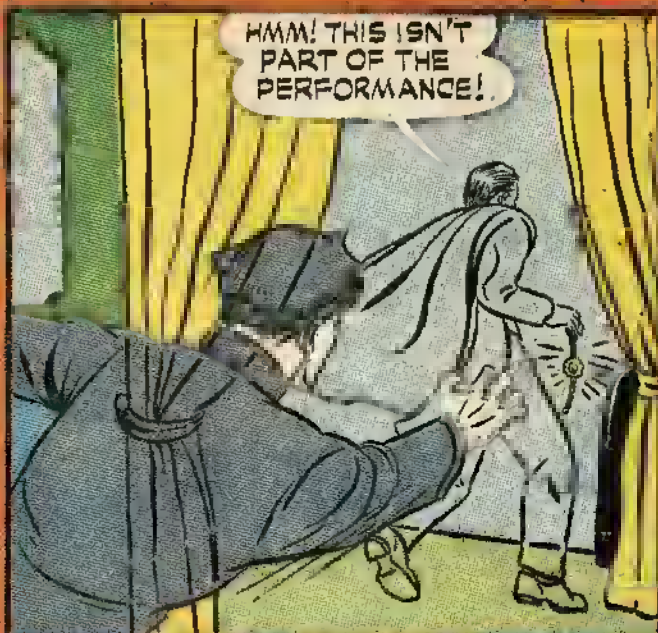


HIS FLOWERY WORDS AND COMMANDING EYES FORCE THE AUDIENCE INTO A SEMI-TRANCE...

WHY! HE'S HYPNOTIZED THE ENTIRE AUDIENCE!



Suddenly, through the silence, penetrates a soul-chilling scream!



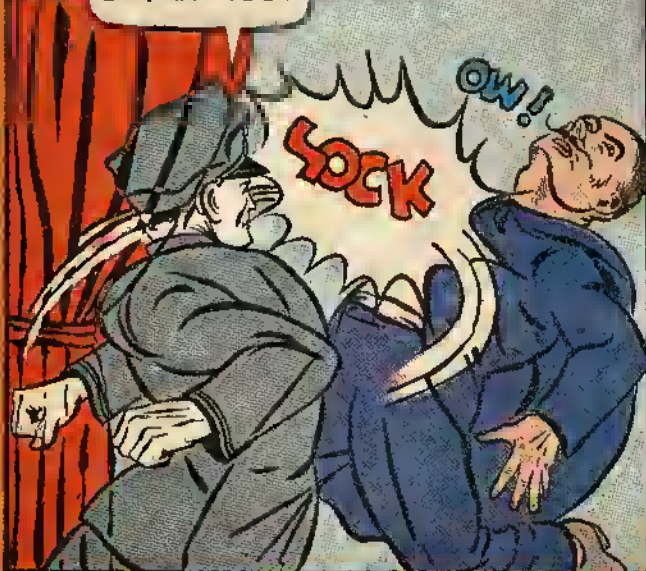
LUNGING OUT, SERGEANT SPOOK GRAPPLES WITH THE INVISIBLE ASSAILANT.



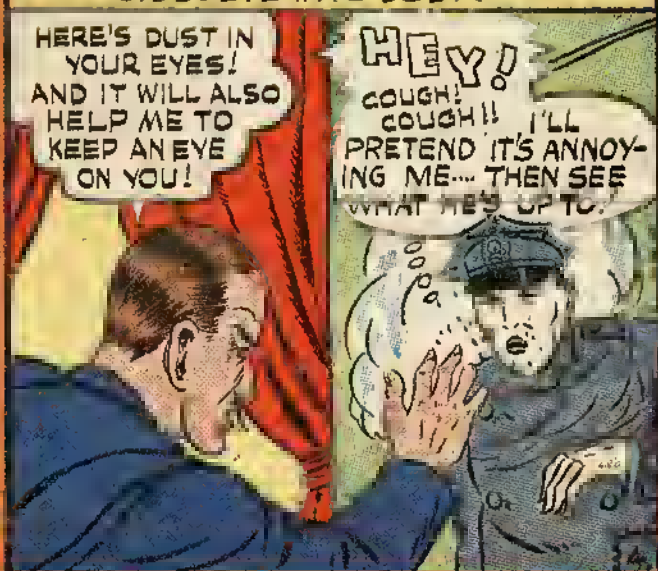
THE VAGUE FORM SPOOK HOLDS, MATERIALIZES.

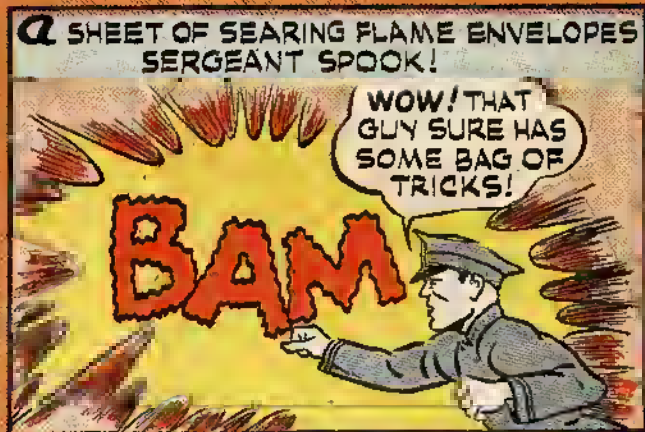
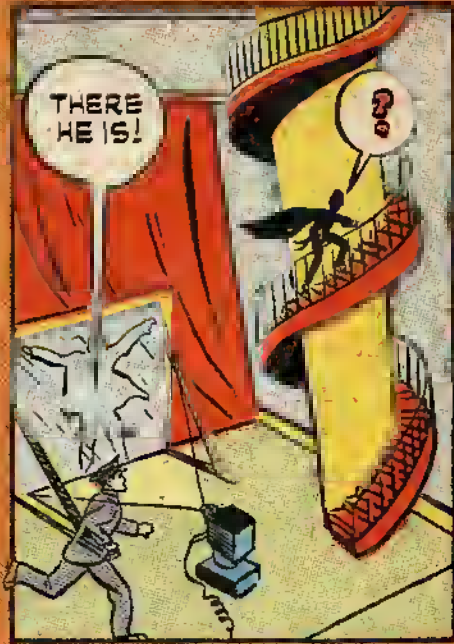
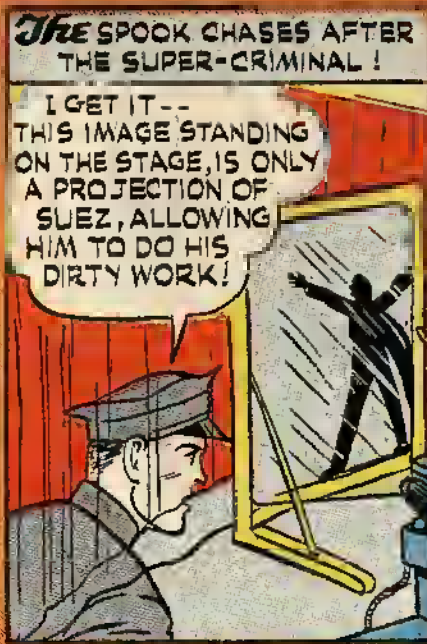


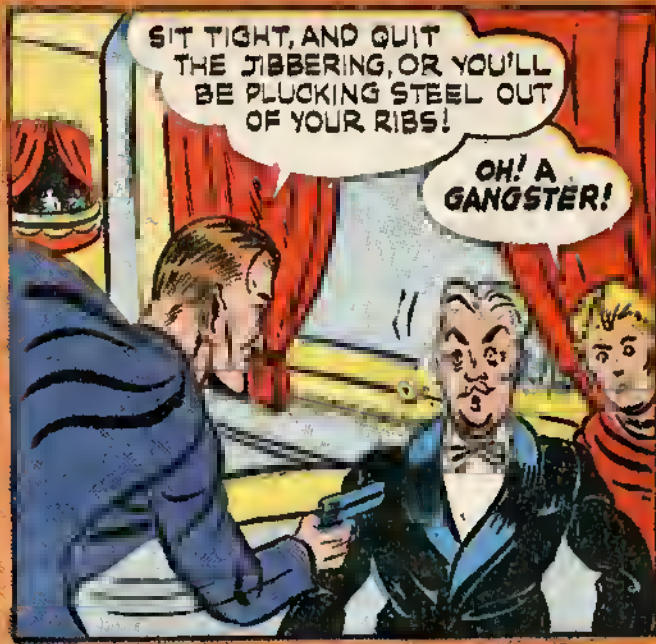
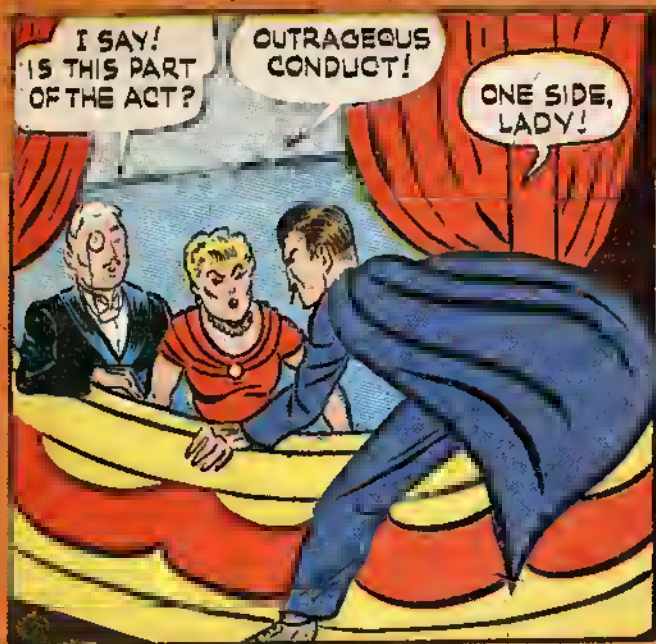
I'LL TAKE THE HOKUS FOKUS OUT OF YOU!



SUDDENLY... SUEZ' BODY SEEMS TO DISSOLVE INTO DUST!

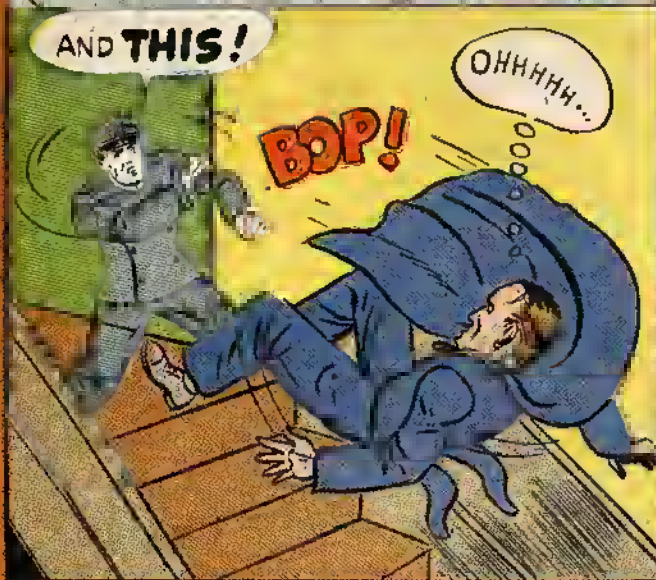




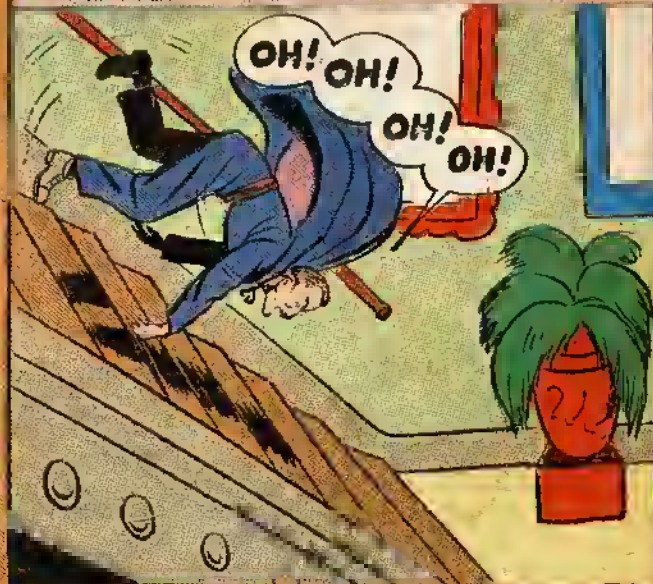


SUEZ BOUNCES DOWN THE STEPS....

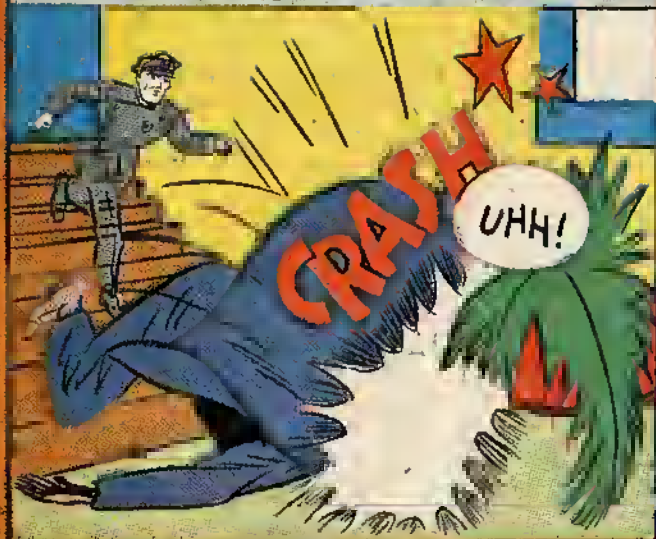
AND **THIS!**



...LIKE A SACK FULL OF WILDCATS!



SUEZ CRASHES IN A HEAP AT THE BOTTOM, WITH SERGEANT SPOOK ON HIS HEELS!



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

HERE COMES THE POLICE, PAL...AND THEY'RE GOING TO ASK QUESTIONS!

NO! NO!



LIKE A CONQUERED BEAST, THE CROOK IS LED TO THE STAGE.

NOW, ARE YOU GOING TO CONFESS...OR MUST I MESS YOU UP AGAIN?

I'LL TALK!



SUEZ CONFESSES TO A SERIES OF THEFTS WHILE POSING AS A GHOST....

...AND YOU WILL FIND THE REST OF THE LOOT IN A TRUNK IN MY DRESSING ROOM!



UNSEEN, SERGEANT SPOOK LEAVES, HIS JOB WELL DONE!

SUEZ IS TAKEN AWAY, AND SERGEANT SPOOK RETURNS TO GHOST TOWN.

THAT WAS SOME ADVENTURE. A REAL GHOST FIGHTING A FAKE MORTAL ONE!



YES, THE "PHONEY" WILL LOSE EVERY TIME!

SERGEANT SPOOK APPEARS...AND DISAPPEARS... AGAIN - IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **BLUE BOLT!**

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